



No. 462.—VOL. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



AN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPH OF "CHARLIE" HAWTREY.

MR. HAWTREY'S SOCIAL POPULARITY IN NEW YORK IS AS GREAT AS HIS DRAMATIC SUCCESS.

TAKEN BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Kaiser and Duels in the German Army—The New Owner of Battle Abbey—Mr. Hall Caine and the National Club.

DUELLING in Germany is dying hard; but it is dying. The Kaiser would act in direct opposition to the sentiments of his Army if he absolutely forbade duels between officers; but he has done all that is possible to prevent any duels taking place which would be considered by the military code of honour to be unnecessary or unfair. This is the first step towards the desired end. The case of Lieutenant Blaskowitz, killed in the Insterburg duel, a case which has been discussed in the Reichstag and the debate upon which drew an important statement from the Minister of War, recalls in some respects the Fawcett-Munro duel, which was the cause of duelling being expressly forbidden by our military code. This was not done in Great Britain without much opposition. The great Duke of Wellington, who had been out himself, was rather in favour of duelling, and had written to Lord Londonderry on one notable occasion that he thought a Hussar did no harm by fighting a duel or two. The Prince Consort, who had taken up the abolition of duelling in the Army in earnest, proposed, as a compromise, that Courts of Honour, such as now assemble in Germany, should be established; but eventually, in the year after the Munro duel, the "Articles of War" were amended so as to contain the clause which now stands directing that an officer found guilty of taking any part in a duel shall be cashiered. By the civil code, duelling is, of course, a capital offence. It is rumoured that the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand, now on a visit to Germany, will confer with the Kaiser as to the possibility of making simultaneous changes as to the proceedings of Courts of Honour in the Austrian and German Armies.

It is pleasant to think that Battle Abbey has not been bought by a rich alien millionaire or by any of the religious Orders the members of which, shaking the dust of France off their feet, are acquiring some of the great English houses as their homes, but by an Englishman whose family at one period owned the Abbey. Sir Augustus Webster, who is now the master of the broad lands of Battle, is an old Etonian and served in the Grenadier Guards. Sir Augustus is a distinguished Freemason, and he is a very accomplished amateur actor, though of late he has forsaken the boards. When the Guards' burlesques used to draw all fashionable London to the zinc-roofed, zinc-walled gymnasium in the square of Chelsea Barracks, Sir Augustus was one of the most energetic of the amateur histrions. I have memories of him as Sir Simpleton Simon in "Fra Diavolo," and as Little John in "Ivanhoe," when Miss Kate Vaughan, then at her zenith, danced as Rebecca. There is still a dark tale told in the Brigade of a box-trick which Sir Augustus volunteered to perform at a Christy Minstrel performance, a trick, he averred, which would surpass any feat performed by Mr. Maskelyne. After twenty minutes' sojourn in the box, with a box of matches and a knife, the lid was burst open, and the performer reappeared streaming with blood and with most of his hair singed off. Sir Augustus is a valued member of the Old Stagers.

The curious case of Mr. Hall Caine and the National Club shows how unconsciously a man of many Clubs may offend against the tenets of one of them. Mr. Hall Caine is a member of the National Club, which was founded "to promote Protestant principles." Being asked to open a Roman Catholic bazaar in the Isle of Man, the newly elected member of the House of Keys did as ninety-nine out of a hundred men-of-the-world would do, agreed with pleasure to attend the ceremony and make some vague but eulogistic remarks as to the Roman Catholic Church being "the Church of the poor"—a tribute of praise which I myself, though as good a Protestant as there is to be found in Piccadilly or Pall Mall, would gladly pay it on any similar occasion. By this speech and this action, however, Mr. Caine was held by some members of the National Club to have offended against the "standing orders" of the institution, and hence a storm in a Club tea-cup, at the stirring-up of which, no doubt, Mr. Caine was more surprised than anyone else.

People who are not confirmed Clubmen can scarcely have an idea of the many affirmations that a man who joins political Clubs has to make, or of the offences other than social ones which a man belonging to a professional Club may commit. To belong to the Carlton or the Junior Carlton, the Reform, the Conservative, the National Liberal, the Constitutional, and thousands of similar though smaller Clubs, a man has to affirm his political opinions, and any offence committed against the code of his Party is followed by a request that he should resign or by expulsion from the Club. In the professional Clubs, an offence against the etiquette or custom of the profession to which the Clubman belongs, and as a member of which he has joined the Club, is a matter that can be brought to the notice of the Committee of the Club, and they can take action against him on the complaint. In the purely social Clubs there are no offences recognised except social ones, and so long as a man does not become a bankrupt or is not sent to prison, does not advertise from the Club address, does not break the Club windows or sing in the writing-room, or commit any other offence against the comfort of his brother-members or the code of honour current with gentlemen, he may be a Buddhist or an Atheist, a Tory or a Radical, and no man has a right to quarrel with him as to his religious or political tenets.

BY COMMAND OF THE KING.

Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellaline Terriss, and the Vaudeville Company at Sandringham.

BY "THE SKETCH" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

FEW people outside the theatre probably realise how important an event it is, in the career of an actor, to receive a Royal Command, and the Command that Mr. Ashton—who arranges His Majesty's amusements—conveyed to Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Seymour Hicks had the additional importance of being the first that has been issued during the present reign. Especial honour is also conferred upon Mr. Leno from the fact that he is the first music-hall artist that has been invited to perform at one of the Royal residences.

It was the particular desire of the King that the entertainment should come as a pleasant surprise to the Princess Charles of Denmark, on the occasion of her birthday, so that all arrangements were carried out as secretly as possible. When, however, a special rehearsal of "Scrooge" was "called" for two o'clock on Monday afternoon, the reason for the rehearsal soon leaked out, and stage-carpenters, scene-shifters, and electricians began to receive orders to prepare to start for Sandringham without delay. The Sandringham stage is considerably smaller than that of the Vaudeville, consequently a great deal of alteration and remodelling was required. It was wonderful, however, to see how eagerly and proudly everyone worked, and how they were eventually rewarded by their complete success.

Mr. Seymour Hicks could hardly have had a moment's rest from the time he received the Command until he reached the hotel at King's Lynn on Tuesday night, after the performance was over. The train, conveying a company of some sixty or seventy all told, left London about noon on Tuesday, and during the journey an excellent lunch was provided. On reaching Wolferton Station, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Dan Leno, and Mr. Ashton were met by the Royal 'bus, and were driven to Sandringham, whilst the rest of the Company travelled on to Dersingham and made the shorter drive to the House. In the dying light of a lovely autumn afternoon, the red-brick mansion, surrounded by rich green lawns strewn here and there with bright-red patches of fallen leaves, presented a Leaderesque effect that will not readily be forgotten.

Those who had no duties to fulfil upon the stage were pioneered round the gardens and greenhouses, and were fortunate enough to get a view of the King and his party returning from shooting. In the kennels are the Queen's favourite wolfhound, and the Newfoundland and opossum which the Prince of Wales brought back from his recent tour round the world, whilst the stables are famous the world over for their beautiful appointments. This enjoyable stroll so impressed Mr. Dan Leno that he drily remarked, "Why, this is a finer place than mine!"

At five o'clock there was a general rehearsal for "Scrooge," in which the limelight-man plays such an important part, and a run through of "Papa's Wife," followed by a little warbling on the part of Mr. Leno, to the piano accompaniment of Mr. Walter Slaughter.

After an excellent dinner, served at seven o'clock, everyone seemed to grow a trifle anxious, and the time seemed to drag somewhat until ten o'clock, when the performance commenced. The room was filled, the guests numbering altogether about three hundred. The last to arrive was the King, and, upon his entrance, a voice called out, "The King!" whereupon the audience immediately rose to their feet, while the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. Slaughter, played the National Anthem, and His Majesty and the Queen gave a few directions as to where they wished their intimate friends to sit.

It would be difficult to imagine a more appreciative audience, and the various points of the play were taken up with evident enjoyment. Immediately "Scrooge" was over, Dan Leno came on and sang his "How to Buy a House" song amidst great applause, but probably the greatest laugh was obtained when, in his "Huntsman's" song, he took Royalty into his confidence, and told them that "these clothes were not made for me." He finished up his "turn" with his "Minstrel Boy" and "Family Relationship" patter. Without any wait, the curtain went up on "Papa's Wife," which, by the way, the King has seen on four previous occasions, but, judging from the reception that was offered to Miss Terriss and Mr. Hicks, the little play had lost none of its charm, and went with a bang from start to finish. In fact, everybody was playing in best form.

During supper, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Leno were sent for by the King and each received a handsome present and further congratulations. The whole of the Company were driven to King's Lynn in the small hours of the morning, where they spent the night, and arrived in London about mid-day on Wednesday.

MR. SOUSA'S BAND AT SANDRINGHAM.

On Sunday last, the occasion being the birthday of Queen Alexandra, Mr. Sousa and his band also had the honour of appearing at Sandringham. The programme included classical and sacred music, a particular feature being a selection of American hymn-tunes, for which a very large and elaborate peal of bells was specially taken from London.

BY COMMAND OF THE KING.

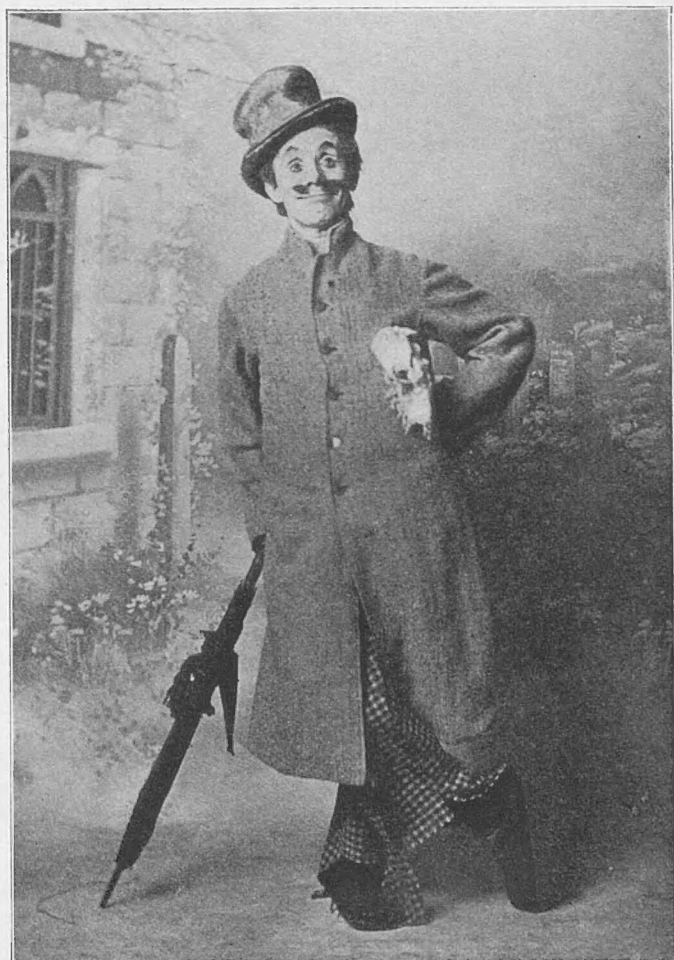
THE VISIT OF MR. DAN LENO AND THE VAUDEVILLE COMPANY TO SANDRINGHAM
ON TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, WHO STAGE-MANAGED THE WHOLE VISIT
WITH HIS USUAL ENERGY AND ABILITY.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS SINGING "A LITTLE BIT OF STRING," THE
SONG THE PRINCE OF WALES SAID HE HAD HOPED TO HEAR.



MR. DAN LENO TELLING THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND THE
DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE "HOW TO BUY A HOUSE."



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS CONCLUDING
THE PROGRAMME WITH "PAPA'S WIFE."

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

ON Wednesday of last week, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar celebrated their Golden Wedding, and many and hearty were the congratulations they received from their numerous friends. Prince Edward, who is Colonel of the 1st Life Guards and a British Field-Marshal, has been in the Army for something like a record period, for he has no less than sixty years' service to his credit. With the Grenadier Guards he went through the Crimean Campaign and was wounded while fighting in the trenches. The British and Turkish medals and the Legion of Honour are mementoes of this. Like Princess Edward, who is a sister of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Prince is not particularly fond of the pleasures of Society, and the half-century of their wedded life has been a period of quiet happiness such as does not always fall to the lot of exalted personages.

THE CHAPERON.

The Duke of Teck's Hunting Accident—Two Bachelor Princes Allied to the Throne—The Brodrick-Marjoribanks Marriage—Mr. Astor's Gift to the Bride—Social Happenings—Popular "Mr. Alfred."

THE news of the bad hunting accident to the Duke of Teck created quite a sensation in town last Saturday. The Princess of Wales's eldest brother is naturally a person of considerable importance, and "Prince Dolly" has always been—even in the days when mothers of pretty heiresses regarded him as a decided detrimental—very much liked in Society. The Duchess, who was the youngest and favourite daughter of the late Duke of Westminster and his beautiful first Duchess, is a very sweet-natured woman, devoted to her husband, and on really intimate terms with his large family circle. The Duke and Duchess are spending the early winter at Saighton Grange, Lady Grosvenor's pretty, picturesque place near Eaton Hall. The Princess of Wales's two younger brothers are, of course, still single, and particularly eligible *partis*.

The Brodrick-Marjoribanks wedding, in spite of the fact that the ceremony was technically private—for the bride is in the deepest mourning for her mother—was quite the function of last week, and St. George's, Hanover Square, was crowded with a really representative gathering of politicians and social bigwigs. The bride, who recalls her clever, good-looking mother in manner and appearance more and more as time goes on, wore, as befitted her great youth, a simple, girlish gown; and her bridesmaids—who included her sister Sybil, Miss Madeleine Stanley (Lady James's daughter), Miss Muriel White, and Lady Isabel Innes-Ker (the bridegroom's cousin)—were also in white, relieved, however, by black picture-hats. Mr. Marjoribanks' gifts to them were really rather original, and consisted of gold-chain purses (quite a new craze) set with precious stones. Mrs. Marjoribanks starts her married life provided with a truly splendid jewel-casket, particularly noticeable among her wedding-presents having been a superb sapphire-and-diamond ring from Mr. Astor, whose gifts are always distinctive and original. Mr. Marjoribanks is also blessed with many generously minded friends, these being headed by King Edward, who presented him with a very massive cigar-case. The honeymoon is being spent at Blenheim, and, later on, the young couple will spend some weeks in Egypt, where they may be joined by Mr. Brodrick, who is terribly in need of a rest.

There is really very little to chronicle this week. People are gradually coming back to town, and every day or evening sees Prince's, the minor Galleries, and the theatres crowded. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild gave a very smart entertainment last week, his lovely house in Seamore Place being filled for the occasion with fair women and brave men; but "Mr. Alfred," after having been the certain hope, then the confident security, is now the absolute despair of every self-respecting chaperon; and his clever nephew, Lord Rothschild's only son and heir, seems going to develop into just as confirmed a bachelor as his popular uncle.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Prince and Princess and the Strand—Mixing up the Weather—A German Funeral—"Sir Dan Leno"—Buses at Charing Cross—And at Piccadilly Circus—Taxing the Organ-Grinder.

TO-MORROW the Prince and Princess of Wales go in state to the City, and a good many of us will be there to see them go by, for it is their first public appearance since they assumed their new titles. But, if I may be permitted a little grumble, I should like to protest against the abandonment of the time-honoured old route to the City along the Strand. I know that the Strand is in a most untidy state just now, and that the Oxford Street people have now and then groused at being left out of processions, but I hope that the Strand is not going to be forgotten. But, of course, the choice of the route does not rest with the Prince and Princess, and, no doubt, Oxford Street and Holborn will be as hearty in their welcome as the Strand and Fleet Street.

The seasons seem to have got a bit mixed lately, and I suppose we shall have what they call a "green" Christmas. Anyhow, the Clerk of the Weather mislaid his almanack, and turned on the cold tap a bit too soon, for we had frosts nearly every night at the end of November, and the gulls came up the river and into the Parks. These birds come earlier and stay later every year.

Count Hatzfeldt's funeral procession in London was really a remarkable and impressive sight. It was watched by a good many people, and

I could not help contrasting the attitude of our folk towards this dead German Ambassador with the insane ravings of the Germans and their Press. I think the same thing must have struck those who were following the Count's body, and I hope that some of them had the grace to feel ashamed of the way in which their compatriots have not only been writing and speaking about us, but have also been insulting English women and children in the German cities. To do German residents in England justice, I think that they really do feel the disgrace to their nation of the campaign of calumny which now seems to be dying down.

Who said "Sir Dan Leno"? Some irresponsible prophet in the Press, I fancy; but we seem within measurable distance of it after the smiling Dan's appearance at Sandringham last week. The King always does the right thing, and in honouring Dan Leno he has paid a graceful compliment to the whole music-hall world, which used to be the Cinderella of the theatrical profession. The reception which Dan received at the Pavilion the night after his return from Sandringham showed how popular the King's act was with "The Man in

the Street." We may now look on Dan as the King's Jester, and here are my best congratulations to him, on behalf of us all.

I have often wondered, in an idle sort of way, how many omnibuses go down the Strand and past Charing Cross in an hour, but I never have had the energy, or the want of it, whichever it may be, to stop and count them. But I see that some excellent statistician has saved me the trouble, and has discovered that about seven hundred omnibuses pass Charing Cross every hour, and that four hundred and forty-five of them go along the Strand. This is not more than I should have expected, considering that the Strand is three-quarters of a mile long and is often choked from end to end with two rows of omnibuses.

Piccadilly Circus comes a good second to Charing Cross, with six hundred and fifty 'buses in an hour, and Hyde Park Corner does very well with three hundred and ninety. It is gratifying to think that all this is for the benefit of "The Man in the Street," to save his shoe-leather and to capture his pence.

I see that we are to have a tax on organ-grinders, who make as much money as hawkers do and yet contribute nothing to the revenue. As I have never ground an organ myself, I quite approve of the proposed taxation, on the principle which makes old gentlemen with the gout demand a tax on bicycles. Besides, the grinders are mostly unsavoury foreigners who do not, so far, pay any taxes. And, whilst the Chancellor is about it, I hope that he won't forget the German bands.

The production of "Frocks and Frills," the new Haymarket comedy, has been postponed until after Christmas.



PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR, WHO CELEBRATED HIS GOLDEN WEDDING ON NOV. 27.

Photo by Russell and Son, Baker Street, W.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., AT CUPAR, FIFE.

From Photographs by J. Allworth Courts, Cupar, Fife.

Miss Marjory Leith. Hon. Mrs. Anstruther. Lady Gertrude Cochrane. Provost and Mrs. Watson.



Sir J. Gilmour, Bart. Hon. T. Cochrane, M.P. Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. Mrs. Chamberlain.
MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE MIDST OF HIS PERORATION.

Sir J. Gilmour, Bart. Lady Gilmour. Mr. H. T. An truther, M.P. Provost and Mrs. Watson.



Hon. T. Cochrane, M.P. Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. Mrs. Chamberlain.
MR. CHAMBERLAIN WHEN HE HAD TO INTERRUPT HIS PERORATION TO CATCH HIS TRAIN.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King and
Virginia Water.*

Virginia Water has been the scene of many gay Royal picnic and boating parties, for His Majesty and Queen Alexandra have always been particularly fond of these semi-nautical festivities. Already extensive preparations are being made for the Royal boating-parties during the Coronation season, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have been very busy lately in superintending these. The accumulated mud of generations past is being dredged by the aid of steam-engines and mud-drums, and the slip-way at the Fishing Temple, once so much used, but, since the removal of the miniature man-o'-war which used to float near it, sadly out of repair, has lately been receiving the attentions of a diver sent from the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth.

*The Queen and the
Weavers.*

It seems a far cry from Buckingham Palace to Spitalfields, but apparently Her Gracious Majesty does not think so, for, in pursuance of her special plea in favour of home silk manufactures for Coronation robes, the Queen and Princess Christian intend shortly to visit the little colony of silk-weavers in what was once the thriving centre of that industry. It is said that, in spite of Queen Alexandra's expressed wish, certain large business-houses have placed their orders abroad, to the dismay of the Spitalfields weavers, who had prepared to meet any demand as promptly as possible. Now, through Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, the Queen has not only intimated her intention to visit the weavers in their own district, but also that many of her personal orders will be placed direct with them, without the intervention of the not always indispensable middle-man.

*Queen Victoria's
Loveliest
Grand-daughter.*

The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, who, together with her husband, the present Czar's uncle, will represent the Russian Court at the forthcoming Coronation, is thought by many people to be the most beautiful of Queen Victoria's grand-daughters; and she bears so strong a resemblance to her sister, the Empress of Russia, that occasionally they have been mistaken for one another. The Grand Duchess narrowly missed becoming German Empress, for her first-cousin, now William II., was at one time very much attached to her, but Bismarck put the whole weight of his influence against the marriage. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge are childless; they divide

their time between Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the Grand Duke is particularly interested in all kinds of scientific and antiquarian matters—tastes shared by his beautiful wife.

*A Picturesque
Wedding.*

Gibbs, eldest son of

All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the afternoon of Tuesday the 26th ult., when Mr. George Abraham Gibbs, eldest son of Mr. Antony Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, near Bristol, and a cousin of Lord Aldenham, was married to Miss Victoria Long, the charming elder daughter of the Right Hon. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, and Lady Doreen Long, of Rood Ashton, Wilts, and 11, Ennismore Gardens. The church was beautifully decorated with tall palms and white flowers for the occasion, and there was a large congregation present, including the Earl and Countess of Cork (grandparents of the bride), Marchioness of Bath, the Countess of Cavan, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, the Countess of Dundonald and her daughter, Lady Grizel Cochrane, Lady Fairbairn, Sir Charles and Lady Tennant, Lady Grace Baring, Sir Samuel Provis, the Countess of Halsbury and Lady Evelyn Giffard, and many well-known figures in the political world.

*The Ceremony and
Some of the
Wedding Presents.*

The Rev. J. Medley, Private Chaplain to Mr. Antony Gibbs, tied the nuptial knot, and the bride was given away by her father. She looked very pretty in a Princess wedding-robe of white satin, trimmed with silver and diamond-sprinkled chiffon and real old Irish point-lace which was on the wedding-dress of her great-grandmother, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, while her long Watteau train of Louis XV. brocade was carried by two smart little pages dressed in Louis XV. Court-suits of eau-de-Nil satin. Seven young and pretty bridesmaids followed the pages, and they wore dresses of eau-de-Nil moiré, also in the Louis Quinze period, with smart coats slashed with white satin and silver. Mr. William Gibbs, 7th Hussars, acted as best man, and after the reception, held at 1, Carlton Gardens (lent by Lady Isabel Larnach, the bride's aunt), the happy young couple left for the Earl of Cork's place near Frome. Over five hundred beautiful presents were received by the bride and bridegroom; they included a large silver inkstand from Lord Salisbury, a set of enamel-and-pearl buttons from



THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE OF RUSSIA, QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOVELIEST GRAND-DAUGHTER.

Photo by Otto, Paris.



WHO WERE MARRIED ON TUESDAY, NOV. 26, 1901, AT ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, ENNISMORE GARDENS, S.W.

From Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, a set of three beautiful trays from the Duchess of Beaufort, a unique gold cachou-box from the Duchess of Somerset, and 'The Hundred Best Pictures,' beautifully bound, from the Duchess of Wellington. Mr. and Lady Doreen Long, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Gibbs, Lord and Lady Cork, Lord and Lady Bath, and Lord and Lady Londonderry gave jewellery; and the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury sent the bride an old china scissor-case.

Lady Aberdeen as Dog-Lover. Lady Aberdeen is, perhaps, the most many-sided Englishwoman—or rather, Scotchwoman—living. She is interested in politics, in Society, in religion, and, last not least, in dogs; and lately she has been a successful exhibitor at several of the leading Shows, notably those organised by the "L.K.A." Lady Aberdeen, as is natural in the mistress of Haddo House, is particularly devoted to the true-hearted Scotch terriers of every breed, and her affection for these shaggy pets is shared by her young daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who bids fair to become in time as many-sided as is her popular mother. Even as a child Lady Marjorie edited a little magazine, the now defunct *Wee Willie Winkie*, which had a quite imposing list of contributors, ranging from Mr. Arthur Balfour to Mr. Rudyard Kipling! She now helps her mother to do the honours of their beautiful Scottish home to friends of every rank and of every



LADY ABERDEEN AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY MARJORIE GORDON.

Photo by Salmon and Batcham, New Bond Street, W.

opinion, for Lord and Lady Aberdeen believe in that practical kind of Socialism which means the exercise of helpfulness and friendliness to all and sundry.

An ex-Viceroy's Daughter. Lady Southampton, both in her girlhood, as the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Zetland, and since her marriage to the head of the house of Fitzroy, has always been one of the most popular women in Society. She has inherited from her mother, one of the beautiful and brilliant sisters of Lord Scarbrough, great tact and charm of manner, and she made her début just at the time when her father accepted the responsible position of Viceroy of Ireland; accordingly, as Lady Hilda Dundas, she became accustomed to the atmosphere of Courts. Lord and Lady Southampton have now been married close on ten years; they have two little daughters, of whom the youngest, born three years ago, was the namesake and god-daughter of the late Sovereign. Lord and Lady Southampton have a pretty place near Shipston-on-Stour, but they often pay long visits to Aske Hall, and with her only sister, Lady Milton, Lady Southampton often helps her mother to do the honours of her early home.

A Pretty Viscountess. Lady Castlereagh is one of an interesting group of cousins which includes the young Countess of Cromartie, Lady Constance Mackenzie, and Lady Marjorie Leveson-Gower, the young daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Owing to the fact that she and her only sister became motherless when still in infancy, they have been constantly chaperoned by their aunt, the young Duchess of Sutherland, and when in London

their home has always been Stafford House. The marriage of Miss Edith Chaplin to the eldest son and heir of Lord Londonderry aroused a great deal of interest in political society, where the bride's father, Mr. Henry Chaplin, has been so long a popular and notable personality. Lord and Lady Castlereagh are both very fond of country life, and as yet they have shown no desire to go into training, as it were, for one of those great official positions which have been so admirably filled by Lord and Lady Londonderry. Lady Castlereagh is, as might be expected in her father's daughter, a keen horsewoman, and she is almost as fond of swimming as is her cousin, Lady Constance Mackenzie.

The Marchioness de Sain, who has long been an enthusiastic dog-lover and dog-fancier, is, notwithstanding her foreign name, a thorough Englishwoman. *Née* Miss Rutherford, the Marchioness married the then Marquis de Sain, a great Maltese noble, some time in the 'eighties, and after two years became a widow, her eldest step-son becoming the second Marquis, and, as such, owner of several charming places in Malta. Since her widowhood, the Marchioness de Sain has spent most of her time in her native country; she has a charming house in Mayfair and sees a great deal of the best cosmopolitan Society. She is an active member of the Ladies' Kennel Association.



THE MARCHIONESS DE SAIN, AN ENTHUSIASTIC DOG-LOVER.

Photo by Salmon and Batcham, New Bond Street, W.

A Friend of the Queen.

Lady de Grey is best known to the public through the practical interest taken by her and by her husband in opera. Both as Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, and Lord Ripon's only son, Lady de Grey has been since her marriage to a welcome visitor at Marlborough House, and her great interest in musical matters has brought her into close sympathy with Queen Alexandra. Accordingly, no surprise was felt in Court circles when it became known that Lord de Grey had been appointed to an important post in Her Majesty's Household. Lady de Grey is one of the few English great ladies who are literally as much at home in Paris as in London. She has a charming *pied-à-terre* in the centre of the Gay City, and is as eagerly sought after in French Society as she is in that of her native land. Lady de Grey has one child, a daughter by her first marriage, Lady Juliette Lowther, a pretty débutante who has often been called upon to act as bridesmaid since she first made her appearance in that capacity at the marriage of Lord Crewe to Lady Peggy Primrose.



LADY DE GREY, A FRIEND OF THE QUEEN.

Photo by Otto, Paris.

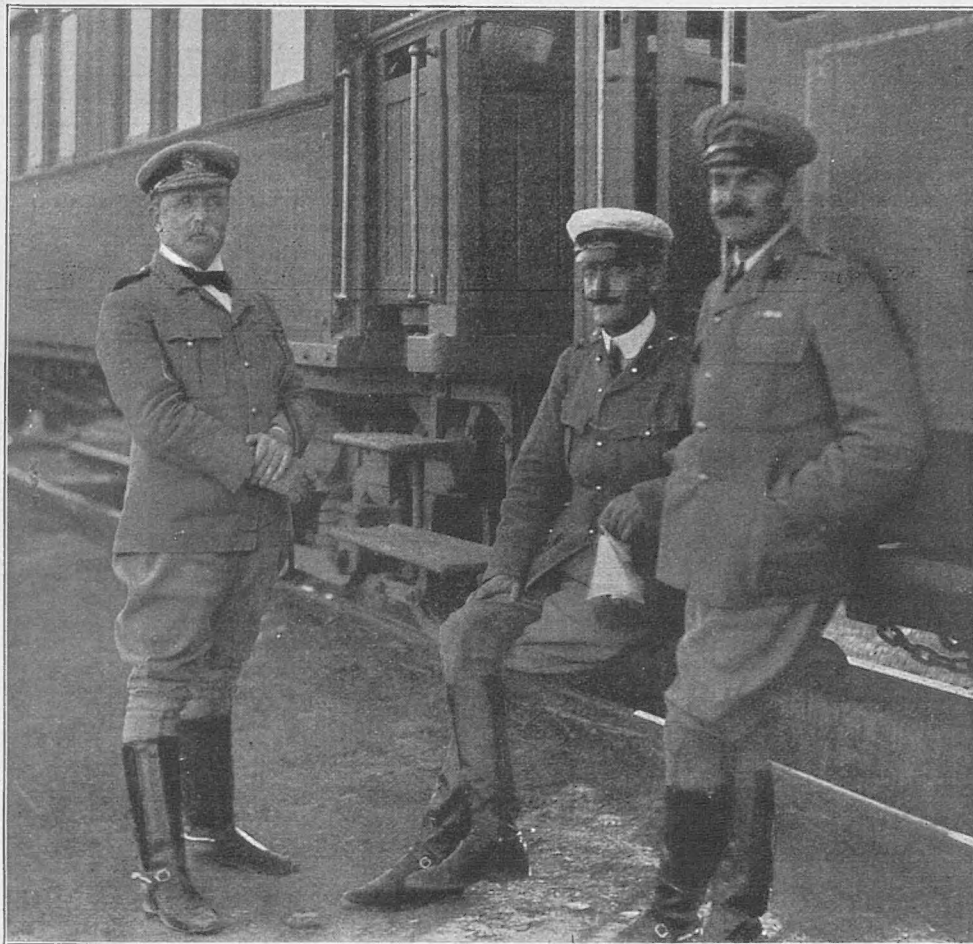
The King and Queen.

Queen Alexandra's birthday was celebrated very quietly last Sunday, and great was the satisfaction of their Majesties' loyal tenants and neighbours that this important date fell this year on a Sunday, as it enabled many of them to see the Queen on this eventful day, for Her Majesty, whatever the weather, never misses the simple morning service in Sandringham Church. King Edward spends this week at Frogmore, where His Majesty and the Prince of Wales entertain a shooting-party. The Court is not expected to move to Windsor till after Christmas. In future, the service hitherto held at the Memorial Chapel on Dec. 14 will take place on the anniversary of Queen Victoria's death.

It is significant that the Heir-Apparent's first public appearance as Prince of Wales will be during his and his Consort's visit to the City. Their Royal Highnesses will receive a great ovation both from loyal citizens on the route they have elected to follow and at the Guildhall itself. The first time King Edward visited the Metropolis east of Temple Bar. His Majesty was only eight years old; on this occasion, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal represented their mother at the opening of the Coal Exchange. The Royal party proceeded to the City by water, and a special feature of the procession was a swan-barge, which greatly delighted the Royal children.

I make no apology for presenting yet another photograph of our greatest Cavalry

General, for this latest one was taken at Beaufort West Railway Station on the very day that news reached that far-off corner of the Empire of his appointment to command the First Army Corps. General French's exploits in South Africa need no description, as probably, with the exception of Lord Kitchener himself, he is the most popular General now at "the Front." His name has not figured very prominently in despatches of late, for he has been doing more in the way of organising than in leading dashing cavalry charges, and, fortunately, there are no more Kimberleys to relieve. However, General French is still engaged in good and useful work, and his present experience should serve him in good stead when he finds himself at the head of the First Army Corps at Aldershot. Much will, no doubt, be expected of him; but, as he has been so successful in the field of actual warfare, it is hardly likely that "The Camp" will find him lacking.



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL FRENCH.

Taken at Beaufort West, Cape Colony, on the day that news came of his recent appointment, by E. D. Edgcomb.

Shamrock III.?

The complimentary dinner given to Sir Thomas Lipton last week at the Cecil, in recognition of his latest effort to win the "America" Cup, was a magnificent affair. Lord Tweedmouth was in the chair, and, in proposing the toast of the evening, happily said that, if Sir Thomas had not won the Cup, he had achieved an even more difficult thing—he had succeeded in dissipating the misunderstanding which had prevented the two nations from seeing what good fellows both contained. Sir Thomas Lipton replied in a characteristically frank and manly speech. *Shamrock II.* was a splendid

boat, and only a few seconds interposed between her and success—a "wee bit of luck would have made all the difference." There had been a hard fight, but, fortunately, nothing occurred to render it unpleasant. Sir Thomas paid a warm tribute to American yachtsmen, and the American people generally, for kind and courteous treatment. He concluded an excellent speech by saying that, though he did not wish to monopolise the contest for the Cup, still he was willing to try again with another *Shamrock*. No *shamrock* was perfect with less than three leaves, and it might be that *Shamrock III.* would meet with better luck than *Shamrock I.* or *Shamrock II.* So mote it be, Sir Thomas!

Everyone has been speaking well of Mr. Balfour during his illness. The *nil nisi bonum* principle was not applied to comments on Mr. Gladstone till he retired from Parliament, but the present Leader of

the House of Commons is more fortunate. Give a statesman a reputation for amiability and, whatever he may do, it will stick to him. There are some occasions when the Liberals and the Nationalists think Mr. Balfour is far from amiable. He has frequently turned a stony heart to their appeals, and he has made them wince by his thrusts. Even some of his political friends have been sharply punished by him for their criticisms. But, as a rule, no rancour is felt, because no personal wound was intended. A smile from Mr. Balfour, flitting easily across the grave face, charms most men.

Mr. Balfour's Host.

Mr. W. H. Grenfell, at whose house, Taplow Court, Maidenhead, Mr. Balfour lay ill last week, sat in several Parliaments as a Liberal. Indeed, he became private secretary to Sir William Harcourt at the Exchequer

Sir Thomas Lipton.



COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO SIR THOMAS LIPTON GIVEN AT THE HÔTEL CECIL ON NOV. 25, LORD TWEEDMOUTH BEING IN THE CHAIR.

From a Photograph by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W., by courtesy of Langflier, Ltd.

in 1895. In the present Parliament, however, he sits for the Wycombe Division as a Conservative. He is a much greater authority on rowing and punting than on politics. His sporting record is amazing. Since he played cricket for Harrow in 1873-74, he has been running, rowing, hunting, shooting, fishing, and distinguishing himself in every sport. He has climbed in the Alps and shot in the Rocky Mountains; he swam twice across Niagara and he stroked an eight across the Channel. One of his latest achievements was the winning of the Punting Championship. With such a man, Mr. Balfour, cyclist, golfer, and motorist, has much in common.

Mr. E. T. Reed and his Parliamentary Menagerie. Mr. E. T. Reed, one of Mr. Punch's well-known caricaturists, has, like Artemus Ward, been showing off his waxworks. He is on tour in the provinces with his Parliamentary Menagerie, and has afforded hearty laughter to many an audience by his lecture on "Caricature In and Out of Parliament" and his "Prehistoric Peeps." Especially funny is his description of the fate of the caricaturist in France, Germany, China, and Turkey, where his average life is a week, and then he gets the sack, into the Bosphorus. In Germany, if one ventured to tamper with one hair of the upstanding Imperial moustache, the tramp of armed men would instantly be heard at the studio door and the artist would be hauled off to some secluded fortress. The "Prehistoric Peep" Mr. Reed afforded of his own career, in the lecture, was that of a boy who would not learn lessons or turn his hand to anything, and was good for nothing save being an artist. A fall downstairs, when he landed on his head, helped his phrenological development and, no doubt, aided his topsy-turvy view of things. In the crowded Press Gallery in the House of Commons it was a wonder sometimes that his chum, Mr. F. C. Gould, of the *Westminster Gazette*, did not send the result of his sketching to *Punch* and he to the *Gazette*, so closely were they jammed together. Verily, it is like "Alice in Wonderland" to witness how Mr. Reed displays his caricatures of Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Harcourt, and others, or a *Punch* dinner-table, and how his colleague, Mr. Henry W. Lucy, was taken for the German Emperor.

Among the Pheasants. Some of the best coverts on the Sandringham estates will be shot during the present week, and in all probability the famous game-larder will be filled to its full capacity. Certain coverts are shot annually on Queen Alexandra's birthday. I have had one or two letters from sportsmen during the past week, all of them from the Eastern Counties, and they tell of very good pheasant-shooting. The high wind that has prevailed has given driven birds a considerable velocity, and it has been a matter of skill and judgment to kill cleanly.

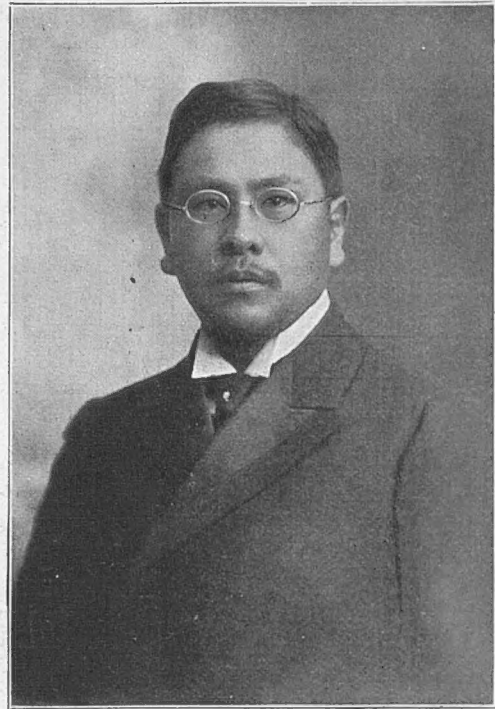
Where the land permits, an effective way of handling pheasants is to drive them from covert before the guns are posted and to send them back over the guns. This practice redeems pheasant-shooting from reproach, for it is very hard to hit a pheasant going back to its home down the wind. So soon as the birds see the guns, they rise, and, though the shooting is quite open, the pace and the wind take a deal of judging. I hear of an amusing experience that befell a friend last week. He was waiting at his corner, when his gun was struck from his hands and he nearly followed it on to the ground. A pheasant, shot through the head by the nearest gun, had towered and then fallen like a stone from a sling. My friend says he has reason to be glad that the dead bird did not hit his head, for it had fallen from a great height and he had a soft cap on. The gun was not damaged in any way.



HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK, JUST SOLD FOR £1500.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Mr. N. Kanzaki. I give the portrait of Mr. N. Kanzaki, who reached England from New York by the *Oceanic* last week. He has been deputed by the Japanese Government as a Special Commissioner in connection with the arrangements for the Industrial Exhibition to be held at Osaka in 1903. This gentleman has had unusually good opportunities of studying Anglo-Japanese trade, as he has been, since the conclusion of the war with China, the Manager of the *Kokoku Shogyo Zasshi* (Japanese-British Trade Journal). He was previously for many years in the employment of his Government. His special duty now is to ascertain the probable number of European firms proposing to send their goods to the above Exhibition, which is one of a series occurring in Japan every five or six years, the last being held at Kyoto, as will probably be in the remembrance of my readers; but this one differs from the others, as a considerable space is to be devoted to the exhibition of European and other products and manufactures, including machinery at rest and in motion.



MR. N. KANZAKI,
SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN CONNECTION WITH INDUSTRIAL
EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT OSAKA IN 1903.
Photo by Dada, New York.

Mr. Kanzaki reports that at present there is a large demand for sugar-refining, dredging, and electrical machinery, while, in consequence of the erection of waterworks in almost all important towns, there is a considerable demand for water-fittings and meters. The country has lately been suffering from a financial crisis, but I am pleased to learn that, owing to business being conducted on a sounder basis, this is rapidly passing away. Mr. Kanzaki remains in London for a few weeks, his address being "care of *British Trade Journal*, 24, Mark Lane, E.C."

Hogarth's House Sold. There have been far greater artists than William Hogarth, but it may be questioned if the work of any artist, at any rate in England, is so well known as his. His cartoons are always popular—they have been reproduced times without number, and they will ever remain the pictorial monument, so to speak, of that period in our history of which Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson were the great literary draughtsmen. On the surface it was an age of elaborate politeness, but, beneath, it was one of extraordinary coarseness. Both aspects are to be seen in the caricatures of Hogarth—especially the latter. Everything that concerned Hogarth is of interest to all students of English history and manners. For many a year he lived in his house at Chiswick, and there he received all sorts of great and distinguished people. The other day, it came into the market, and was bought for £1500 by Lieut.-Colonel Shipway, whose object in purchasing it, I am glad to hear, is to preserve it as an interesting memorial of the great satirist.

Wildfowl on the East Coast.

The cold snap that has come to England has brought to our coasts the best supply of wildfowl that the season has yielded hitherto. Along the East Coast estuaries and sea-walls the hardy countryman who uses a pin-fire gun belonging to his father, or even an old muzzle-loader of his grandfather's time, can go out in the early morning or late afternoon and secure a brace of birds, with the least piece of luck. The birds—duck, teal, widgeon, for the most part—go out on to the main at night and return with the daylight to fresh water, on which they wash and sleep during part of the day. This sea-wall shooting, which is known as "flight-shooting," requires a large amount of patience, but has nothing of the dangers of wildfowl-shooting by night on the marshes—a sport practised where the land is favourable right along the coast. The fowlers go out on to the marsh in big, flat, wooden boots called "waders," and dressed in white overalls. They get better sport than the men who wait along the sea-wall, but they must walk warily and they do not see as much as the men who own a punt-gun. The punt-gun is by no means so effective as it used to be; birds recognise it a long way off, and it has driven wildfowl from districts where they were once plentiful.

"Pears' Annual." The Christmas Season should bring to us all something at least of joy and gladness, and to most people the bright pictures and interesting stories of the special issues of the weekly and monthly publications are not the least source of pleasure. Among these, though not of them in a weekly or monthly sense, *Pears' Annual* for 1901 makes a particularly bold bid for favour. Mr. George R. Sims is the principal literary contributor, and his fascinating tale of "Nat Harlowe, Mountebank: a Story of Merrie England," will not only maintain the great reputation of its author and that of the *Annual*, but will delight readers with its vivid word-pictures. Mr. Frank Dadd, R.I., supplies some score or more of illustrations to the text. There is also a short tale by James Burnley; and "The Christmas Magician," a tragic yet amusing little story in rhyme of a Jack 'Tar's strange experience, though relegated to a somewhat obscure corner, is worthy of a signature. Last, but by no means least, the purchaser of *Pears' Annual* gets, in addition, three splendid coloured plates, "Witchery," "Little Bobs," and "The Coming Nelson," each worth more than the shilling asked for the whole.

The New Chief Magistrate.

As was generally anticipated, the Home Secretary has appointed Mr. Albert de Rutzen to be Chief Magistrate of the Metropolitan Police Courts, in succession to the late Sir Franklin Lushington. Mr. de Rutzen, who is some seventy years of age, has been a Police Magistrate for nearly a



MR. ALBERT DE RUTZEN, LONDON'S NEW CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

quarter of a century and is a man of great experience. He is the third son of that Baron de Rutzen who married the eldest daughter and heiress of Mr. Philips, of Slebeck Park, Pembroke. He was educated at Cambridge and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1857. His first appointment as a Police Magistrate was to Marylebone in 1876, and there he remained until 1891, when he went to Westminster. Six years afterwards he was promoted to Marlborough Street, and when the late Sir John Bridge retired Mr. de Rutzen went to Bow Street. His present appointment is one which gives great satisfaction. By the way, if I am not mistaken, Mr. de Rutzen (who, in due course, will soon, no doubt, be Sir Albert) represents the last of the great race of 'Varsity oarsmen who were afterwards so distinguished in public life. He rowed for Cambridge against Oxford in 1849, and in the same boat was a future Prime Minister of France, M. Waddington. In the Oxford boat of the same year was Lord Justice Chitty.

The New General Manager of the "Great Central."

Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line of the London and South-Western Railway, has been offered and has accepted the highly important position of General Manager of the Great Central Railway. Mr. Fay is a man of decided ability, and he will find ample scope for his talents in the development of both the passenger and the traffic sides of this comparatively new trunk-line—especially will this be the case with

respect to its London business. Mr. Fay is what they call in America a "railroad man" pure and simple; that is to say, he "began life" as a junior clerk, nearly thirty years ago, on the London and South-Western, and he went through the usual routine of railway-clerking until 1884, when he was promoted to be Chief Clerk to the Traffic Superintendent at Waterloo. In 1891 he was advanced to the position of Assistant Storekeeper. A year later he became General Manager of the Midland and South-Western, running between Southampton and Cheltenham, and succeeded in greatly improving that line. In 1899 he was back again at Waterloo, as Superintendent of his old railway, and now he becomes the head, practically, of the Great Central.



MR. SAM FAY, RECENTLY APPOINTED GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Photo by Esme Collings, New Bond Street, W.

Major-General Sir Edward T. H. Hutton, K.C.M.G., C.B., who has been appointed

to the command of the Australian Federal Forces, is the only son of the late Mr. E. T. Hutton, of Beverley, and was born in December 1848. He joined the 60th Rifles before completing his twentieth year, and his rank as Colonel dates from 1892. General Hutton served in the Zulu War in 1879 and in the Boer War of 1881; he took part in the Egyptian Campaign in 1882, acting as A.D.C. and Military Secretary to Sir Archibald Alison. He had his horse killed at Tel-el-Kebir and for his services he was mentioned in despatches. As Brevet-Major, General Edward Hutton had command of the Mounted Infantry in the Nile Expedition, 1884-5, and from 1888 till 1892 he commanded the Mounted Infantry at Aldershot. From 1893 till 1896 he commanded the Forces in New South Wales, and on relinquishing this position he was given the command of the Militia in Canada. General Sir Edward Hutton proceeded to Africa last year, and was first given command of a brigade of infantry, but was soon transferred to the command of a brigade of mounted troops. For distinguished services in South Africa he was given his "K.C.M.G."

Following the excellent example set by Queen Alexandra, the Marchioness of Londonderry has formed the happy idea of doing for the men of the East Yorkshire Regiment what the Queen has already done for the men of the regiments with which she is specially connected. Lady Londonderry, however, in true Yorkshire fashion, intends that



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD HUTTON, NEW COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRALIAN FORCES.

Photo by Nassano, Old Bond Street, W.

her Christmas-box shall consist not only of a pipe, but also of a pound of tobacco and a plum-pudding. Lady Londonderry also found that she had a few pounds to spare, and she proposes to expend this little sum in cigarettes for the officers. This very generous and thoughtful act on the part of the Marchioness is only another example of her keen sympathy with the great mass of the people. Since her distinguished husband became head of our great postal system, Lady Londonderry has evinced much more than a mere passing interest in the thousands of Post Office employees. She has been a frequent visitor at many of the principal departments, and has tried to make herself personally acquainted with the life and interests, especially of the female portion, of the large staff under Lord Londonderry's control. This interest has resulted in many practical benefits and little considerations for the staff which go to make tolerable the monotonous round of daily life for the toiling millions of the people of this country.

The Aërial Navigator.

It is hardly necessary to introduce M. Santos-Dumont to readers of *The Sketch*, for his repeated attempts to navigate his air-ship round the Eiffel Tower aroused almost as much interest here as in Paris itself. Moreover, the brave young Brazilian recently crossed the Channel on a short



M. SANTOS-DUMONT, THE FAMOUS AÉRONAUT, WHO HAS BEEN VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

Photo by Vandyk, Buckingham Palace Road.

visit to London, as the guest of Mr. Paris Singer, and on Monday of last week was entertained by the new Aëro Club at a banquet in the Whitehall Rooms, presided over by Lord Dundonald. The Hon. C. S. Rolls and other gentlemen gave him a cordial welcome at Victoria Station on behalf of the Aëro and Automobile Clubs, and during his short stay in London he has made many friends. M. Santos-Dumont, among his other accomplishments, is a good linguist and speaks English fluently. It will be remembered that the Brazilian Government recently voted him five thousand pounds as a mark of their appreciation of the honour he had gained for his country. The clever young Brazilian, it may also be recollected, gave half the value of the Deutsch Prize to the Poor of Paris, handing it to the Prefect of Police with a request that it should be used for redeeming from pawn all articles which could be described as necessities, such as tools and furniture. He is in consequence just now the most popular man in Paris.

In his speech at the Hôtel Métropole, the aéronaut promised to return to England after his proposed aerial voyage from France to Corsica. He would then make some trials in an air-ship above London, and so

contribute his part to add to the honour and glory of the new Aëro Club. Needless to say, this statement was received with great applause. Then M. Santos-Dumont spoke of the pleasure it gave him to belong to the Club, of which he had been designated a "founder member," and the pride he felt in his name having been put at the head of its list of members—a list which included such distinguished aéronauts as Colonel Temple and the Hon. Cecil Rolls, and such prominent exponents of automobilism (M. Santos-Dumont is great as a motorist) as Mr. Wallace, President of the Automobile Club, and Mr. Paris Singer, one of the first pioneers of automobilism in England. M. Santos-Dumont wound up by drinking to the "Great British nation, which, after gaining the Empire of the Seas, aspires to the Empire of the Air." The Hon. C. S. Rolls, speaking on behalf of the Aëro Club, remarked that it already had two hundred members. The Aëro Club has presented the aéronaut with a medal in commemoration of his great and marvellous exploit in the navigation of the air. I wish M. Santos-Dumont and the new Club every success.



THE HAND OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT, SHOWING THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE AÉRO CLUB.

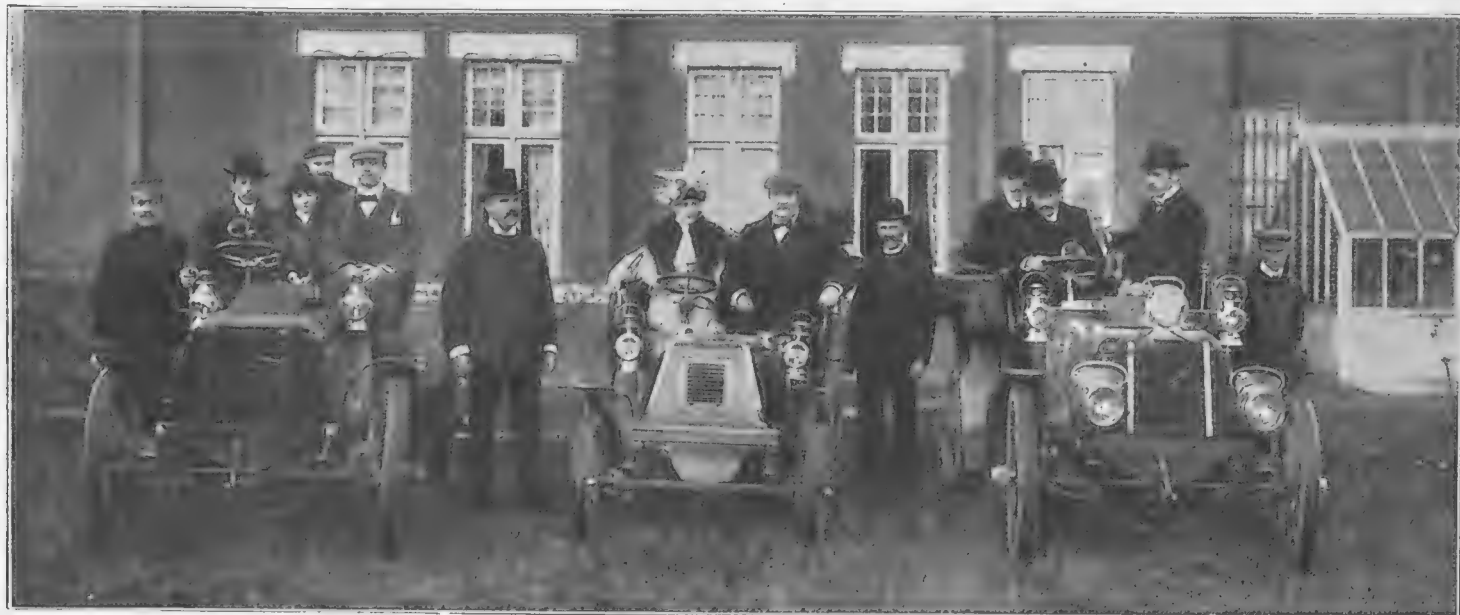
Photo by Vandyk, Buckingham Palace Road.

The Kaiser and the Recruits.

The German Emperor has been unusually busy lately with the swearing-in of the new recruits (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). His Majesty has been present at no less than three such functions, one at Potsdam in the so-called "Lange Stall," or Long Barn, another in Berlin, and then on Monday week one at Kiel. The Emperor, who firmly believes in the benefit derived from the solemnity of these occasions to the young recruits, always says a few very impressive words to the youngsters, who never forget the memorable occasion. At Kiel the Kaiser is reported to have sworn-in and addressed as many as a thousand recruits, whom he adjured to keep implanted in their memory the oath of allegiance, and to remember the sacredness of the soldier's oath, which he, their Kaiser, like every soldier, had also taken. His Majesty went on to say that he too, like everyone else, had his duties to perform, and that he expected them to perform theirs honestly and conscientiously.

Potsdam Mausoleum.

The late Empress Frederick's birthday was not forgotten either in Berlin or Potsdam (continues my Berlin Correspondent). Both the Emperor and Empress went to the beautiful Friedenskirche Mausoleum in the early morning and laid on the marble slab which at present takes the place of the as yet unfinished sarcophagus two magnificent wreaths of La France roses, staying there in deep meditation for some little time. The Empress afterwards returned again with the two youngest children, Prince Joachim and Princess Victoria Louisa, each of whom, as they entered holding their mother's hands, carried beautiful wreaths of chrysanthemums. The Crown Prince, too, sent from Bonn, where he is still studying, a floral tribute of no mean proportions; while many of Berlin's residents showed by sending similar tributes that they, too, had not forgotten the day. All Souls' Day, or "Dead Sunday," as the Germans call it, was celebrated throughout the whole of Germany this year with the usual respectful attention to the last resting-places of relatives who "have gone before."



M. Santos-Dumont.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT WITH THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT ALDERSHOT BARRACKS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO, REGENT STREET, W.

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"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES: MISS AGNES FRASER AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

SCIENTIFIC KITE-FLYING.

NO branch of science has made such rapid strides within the last quarter of a century as that of kite-flying; indeed, it is not going too far to say that during the last decade the modern kite has done more in the exploration of the air than its contemporary, the balloon. Kites are now extensively flown both on the Continent and in America for obtaining meteorological observations. Numerous kite-flying stations have been opened in France, Germany, and the United States. Some of them are under the control of the respective Governments, while others are purely private institutions.

By far the largest and most interesting of these is Blue Hill Observatory, a private institution, near Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Here kites may daily be seen far away on the horizon, almost out of sight. Before describing the present method of flying these little air-ships, it is interesting to recall the ancient history of the toy that is now being put to such practical and scientific purposes.

The type of kite in general use at the various meteorological stations is the Hargrave or Cellular kite. It was invented by Mr. Lawrence Hargrave, of Sydney, Australia. It consists of two light boxes, without



BLUE HILL OBSERVATORY, LARGEST KITE-FLYING STATION IN THE WORLD.
NOTICE THE VARIOUS TYPES OF KITES.



A GIANT MALAY KITE.

tops or bottoms, fastened some little distance one above the other. The wind exercises its lifting force chiefly upon the front and rear sides of the upper box, the lower box, which inclines to the rear and so receives less pressure, preserving the balance, while the ends of the boxes, being in line with the wind, keep the kite steady. The Hargrave is undoubtedly the most perfect kite ever designed, next to which comes the Malay form of kite, invented by that well-known kite-flier, Mr. William A. Eddy, of Bayonne, New Jersey.

Until four years ago the little air-ships were drawn in by hand. Now, however, the kites are brought down by machinery. Through the kindness of Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, Director of the Blue Hill Observatory, I am enabled to reproduce a photograph of this clever piece of mechanism, and incidentally other photographs showing the methods of kite-flying at this interesting station. The pull of the kites during ascent is sufficient to unreel the wire, which, by means of a pulley, is delivered to the kites as required, an attached wheel meanwhile recording the pull on the line and the length paid out. A fine steel music-wire is employed, weighing only fifteen pounds to the mile, and capable of withstanding a pull of three hundred pounds. Kites are usually drawn in by the machine at the rate of three to six miles an hour.

The kites carry up a meteorograph, which is virtually a combination of a barometer, a thermometer, and a hygrometer, all of which record their readings automatically on one cylinder turned by clockwork. These little instruments are the invention of M. Richard, of Paris, are made of aluminium, and weigh three pounds. By flying two or more kites, a greater lifting power is obtained, while there is also less risk of the kites breaking away and getting

lost. Indeed, often five, six, and more kites are attached to the same line, when it is desired to lift a heavy instrument into the air, while there is a record of twelve kites having been attached to the same rope.

The kites at Blue Hill vary in height from five to twelve feet and more, and are fairly heavy. The larger ones contain about seventy square feet of supporting surface and exert a pull of from seventy to a hundred pounds. It would be impossible to manage such an air-ship by hand, but by means of the steam windlass or reeling apparatus referred to they are kept under control. In the summer of 1897, a kite at Blue Hill attained the then record height of 11,716 feet. It was regarded as a remarkable achievement. Since then the distance has been gradually increased, the present record height being 15,800 feet above the level of the sea—an ascent of over three miles and exceeding the highest scientific balloon ascent in America. When this unique record was achieved, a combined weight of a hundred and seventy-five pounds was lifted into the air. Six kites of the improved Hargrave type were used. They had curved flying-surfaces modelled after the wings of a bird. The length of wire paid out to the kites was over five miles. According to the recording instruments, the temperature at the highest point attained was fifteen degrees below freezing-point, and the wind velocity was about twenty-five miles an hour. Flights have been made at Blue Hill in gales, in rain, and in snow-storms, but never in a thunder-storm. The high flights occupy ten or twelve hours. Occasionally the kites are left out all night.

Few men in this country have given more time and thought to the subject than Major B. Baden-Powell, brother of the celebrated Defender of Mafeking. He is said to possess the largest kite ever made. It stands thirty-six feet in height and has an area of five hundred square feet. Major Baden-Powell experimented with it at Pirbright Camp a few years ago, when the giant easily lifted a man in the air.

Not only have kites proved to be the cheapest and most reliable instruments for securing meteorological records, but they are useful also for signalling purposes. Mr. W. A. Eddy has recently invented a device for telephoning by means of kites. Many know of the wonderful success accomplished in kite-photography, and it would seem that the modern kite in the hands of a scientist is a weather-chart, a photographer, a signalling apparatus, a telephone, a collector of electricity, a parcel- and letter-carrier, and a medium for lifting man into space.



SHOWING PROGRESS IN METHOD OF REELING-IN KITES AT BLUE HILL.

From Photographs by Stebbins, Boston, Massachusetts.

MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES,"

AT THE PAVILION AND THE TIVOLI.



I'm Clarence, the last of the Dandies.



I'm supposed to be the Season's catch.



I don't like to brag about myself.



But my people are awfully well-off.



The match-making mammas can't catch me; I know something—I read the "Pink 'un."



I'm also awfully fond of French novels. I don't understand a word of French; but oh, the pictures!



I sometimes sing "Jerusalem" at soirées. Pretty thing, isn't it?



I don't worry myself like I used to; I'm getting more and more like the War Office every day.



I had a lovely day's shooting yesterday; I broke three bottles and frightened a horse.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE book-sales of the season promise to be well in advance of those for the last two years. There was a dangerous lull among the booksellers a week or two since, but from all sides I hear now of very brisk and satisfactory trade. There has been, it is true, something of a glut in new fiction, but quite a number of popular novels are now selling in very large numbers. The most prominent books of the moment are Stanley Weyman's new novel, "Count Hannibal"; "Marietta," by Marion Crawford; "A Modern Antæus," by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which must surely be selling on the reputation of an interesting anonymity and not on account of any great merit of its own; "Young Barbarians," by Ian Maclaren; and, of course, "The Eternal City" and "Sir Richard Calmady." Very good orders are also being given for Mr. Seton Merriman's new book and for "The Man from Glengarry," by the author of those charming stories, "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

I am not at all sorry to hear that the outrageous statements with regard to the Boer War which do duty as facts on the Continent are to be collected and presented in a form which will be an interesting memorial to forthcoming generations. The two popular French writers known as "J.-H. Rosny" are preparing a large work, "La Guerre Anglo-Boër," which is to be published fortnightly in thirty parts, with an Introduction by President Kruger and illustrations by Daniel Vierge, whose cartoons have been among the most brutal in the Foreign Press. The history is to be written "d'après des Documents Officiels." A part (unknown in quantity) of the profits is to be paid to the Committee for the Aid of Fighting Boers, according to the instructions of "M. le Docteur Leyds, Ministre Plénipotentiaire des Républiques Sud-Africaines." An edition in the Dutch language will be distributed to the Boer Army by the Transvaal Government.

It seems that rumour is still busy with "Elizabeth" of the German Garden. An authoritative statement has appeared in America that Elizabeth is a new *nom-de-guerre* of Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, and, in support of this statement, it is gravely announced that Elizabeth is one of the heroines of Mrs. Ritchie's earliest novels. Another equally authoritative statement disclosing the identity asserts that "Elizabeth is Madame von Arnim, née Beauchamp, an English lady who married a German, the son of Count von Arnim, whose controversy with Bismarck a dozen or more years ago will be remembered by many people." The author of this last statement spoils his case, I am afraid, by saying that "Elizabeth and her German Garden" was rejected by at least six publishers before it was accepted by the Macmillans. I believe I am right in saying that Messrs. Macmillan's was the first firm to which it was sent, and that they accepted it immediately—subject to certain modifications.

Mr. H. G. Wells's volume, "Anticipations," is, as he himself admits, a peg for endless discussions. It is for the most part a serious, sober, and remarkably suggestive work. Though no one, I suppose, will be

found to agree entirely either with Mr. Wells's premises or his conclusions, everyone will find stimulation to individual thought in his pages. And a book that compels one to think for himself has good reason of existence. Personally, I have been more interested in Mr. Wells's review of present tendencies than in his forecasts of the future, much more impressed by his anticipations of existence ten years hence than in his picture of the year 2000. It seems to me that a decade is the ultimate view of the keenest vision. Mr. Wells bases all his arguments upon the supposition that the rate and direction of progress during the complete century will continue as at the present time. That is not proven, nor is it, I think, altogether likely.

The most enlightening chapters in "Anticipations" are those dealing with transit and the results of the "annihilation of distance" by telephone, telegraph, and increasingly rapid locomotion of all kinds,

and with war, where Mr. Wells makes excellent use of the lessons of South Africa. The least convincing parts of the book, to my thinking, are those devoted to the social and political and religious life of the new century and to the question of universal language, which, according to Mr. Wells's theory, is to be French. I have said that the tone of "Anticipations" is quiet and sincere. Exception must, unfortunately, be made for some bitter passages, particularly those with reference to present-day publishers and publishing, which are wholly unjustifiable, and the strictures upon English translations of foreign works, which are greatly exaggerated.

Mr. Wells is also represented in the season's literature by a new nightmare of the impossible, "The First Men in the Moon." To those in search of a really first-rate shudder—and there are such persons in the world—I can heartily recommend the book. Mr. Wells's ghostly narrative is enough to give any ordinary mortal a night on the Plutonian Shore, and I really think that the altogether too horrible illustrations which accompany the story are superfluous. They are, however, the most remarkable conceptions of the impossibly horrible that I have seen for a good many years.

It is a relief to turn from "The First Men in the Moon" to such

a pleasant and cheerful story as Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's new novel, "Cynthia's Way." Mrs. Sidgwick's pictures of German life and manners are just as bright and lively and amusing as such things can possibly be. They are also really illuminating, for of all present-day writers Mrs. Sidgwick understands best the soul that lies beneath the somewhat gross and repellent German exterior.

Mr. Scudder's long-expected authorised biography of James Russell Lowell has been published in America, and the reviews are full of interesting extracts from the book. It is to be issued shortly in this country by Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. Paget Toynbee's volume of Dante studies and researches will not be published until after Christmas. A revised edition of his "Life of Dante" is also in the press.



"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES: MISS CONNIE EDISS ENJOYING A LITERARY LOUNGE—AND A CIGARETTE.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

STAG-HUNTING AND THE ROTHSCHILD PACK.

THE Vale of Aylesbury, which embraces part of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, is a greatly favoured hunting country. From Aylesbury itself one can hunt with the South Oxfordshire, Old Berkeley, and Whaddon Chase Foxhounds with little inconvenience or training, but the place is, perhaps, best known in connection with the Rothschild Staghounds, which have hunted the Vale for many years. I believe this Hunt has been in existence half-a-century. Baron Rothschild had it for many years, and since his day Lord Rothschild has supported it.

Hunting the carted stag is a very different performance from hunting the wild red-deer; it differs from fox-hunting, too, in many essentials. There are not more than a dozen packs in England that hunt the carted deer regularly, though foxhounds and harriers are sometimes turned from their more legitimate pursuits, and even this number is the largest on record. So much outcry has been made by the humanitarians against the hunting of the stag under existing conditions that the pastime has not developed to the extent that might have been expected in these days, when every form of sport is attracting the great middle-class of Society that formerly held aloof from hunting, shooting, and fly-fishing.

The stag to be hunted is taken from the paddocks to a stable, and thence to the scene of action, in an elaborate deer-cart often capable of accommodating a couple of well-grown beasts. The procedure is a very elaborate one, for, if the deer are badly handled, the run will suffer, and a deer-cart acts like a magnet in attracting every unoccupied person in the country through which it travels. The same deer will be hunted from three to six times in a season, if it is a good goer and the huntsman knows and does his business. When the hunt is over, it is carted back to paddock. Should a good runner come to grief, and barbed wire has accounted for many of late years, there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, for the carted deer is never condemned to die unless as the result of an accident. A carted stag is hunted by a dozen couples or so of hounds, and the pace is very great when wind, weather, and stag have left nothing to be desired.

Lord Rothschild's paddocks and kennels are at Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard, some way from Tring Park, but in the district known as the "Rothschild country" on account of the number of estates belonging to members of the famous house. There are thirty couples of hounds, and the hunting days are Monday and Thursday. The popularity of the Rothschild family is probably accountable for the ease with which the country may be hunted; barbed wire offers no impediment to the field, and there are magnificent stretches of pasture-land over which a fast run can be enjoyed to perfection. The Vale of Aylesbury is not given over to stag-hunting only; the Whaddon Fox-Hunt covers the same ground as the Rothschild pack, and has become very popular during the long Mastership of Mr. Selby Lowndes, who was, I believe, for some years a Master of the Atherstone.

Stag-hunting has few of the rigid conventions of fox-hunting and is not overburdened with etiquette. Probably because there is never any uncertainty about a find, the day's business starts later than it does when the fox has to be found, and procedure is of the "go-as-you-please" variety to an extent that the fashionable fox-hunt does not know. Some

men say that the carted stag, whose safety is the first consideration of the huntsman, affords less sport than the wily fox who is running for his life; but one finds that many men who are loudest in the expression of their contempt for chase of "tame deer" have never hunted them, and this fact does not lend weight to their opinions. Without the carted deer, many men would get no hunting, and it may be remarked that the Rothschild staghounds are the private property of the Master, Lord Rothschild, who hunts without subscription and bears all the expenses. The general rule in vogue at stag-hunts is to cap the non-subscribers one guinea, a low price enough if the sport is good, and

one that is not likely to inconvenience the men who attend the meet. The Surrey, South Coast, Mid-Kent, and Enfield Chase Stag-hounds take a guinea or half-a-sovereign from non-subscribers, and there are no more than one or two packs that are run like the Rothschild hounds.

I have listened patiently to the varied opinions that are offered by hunting-men upon the humanitarian side of hunting carted stags, and in the end, as in the beginning, it is hard to form an opinion. One has not to go far to see sights that are distinctly unpleasing in connection with this form of sport, and, on the other hand, it is undeniable that some stags or "havers" take their hunting very easily and do not appear to suffer much. Considered fairly and dispassionately, stag-hunting is cruel, but what form of sport is not?

From the man who goes to the deer-forest, for which he pays thousands a-year, and with the best intentions in the world maims many a deer he hoped to kill outright, down to the little boy who fishes for minnows in the village-stream with a piece of cotton and a bent pin, all sportsmen are cruel and all sport is indefensible, from the humanitarian's standpoint.

The development of fox-hunting is out of all proportion to the development of stag-hunting, which is here considered apart from the hunting of wild red-deer, and it is likely that the carted deer will not supply sport for many years. In this connection the abolition of the Royal Buckhound pack may not be overlooked. This pack was as popular with its followers as it was unpopular with the humanitarians, who saw that no reform would be possible while the Royal pack remained. "Stag-hunting will go," say the fox-hunting men. But the stag-hunters think of a run with the Rothschild pack over Aylesbury Vale, and they are content to smile.

B.

Quite the best animal-book of the season, and I am almost inclined to say quite the best children's gift-book of the year, is Mr. Seton-Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted." With its charming stories and wealth of even more charming illustrations, this book should have an immense sale.

Messrs. Constable are doing a real service to all book-buyers by issuing their delightful pocket-edition of George Meredith. The one fault I have to find with the beautiful volume, so well printed and so delightfully bound, is that the margins are a little too small. The ideal page for this class of book is to be found, I think, in Messrs. Nelson's Dickens, and there the margin is quite appreciably wider. Does not this new edition of Meredith open up a grand prospect of similar re-issues of the works of some of the living novelists? Is there any reason, now, why we should not have a pocket Hardy?



THE ROTHSCHILD STAGHOUNDS AT IVINGHOE.



LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS: A MEET AT THE PLOUGH INN.



THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD AT THE PLOUGH STABLES.

From Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

SCENES FROM J. M. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY, "QUALITY STREET."

PRODUCED WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN NEW YORK.



Valentine Brown (Mr. Sydney Brough).

Phoebe Throssell (Miss Maude Adams).

ACT I.—PHOEBE OF THE RINGLETS SHOWS THE MANNERS OF QUALITY STREET FOLK.

Susan Throssell (Miss Helen Lowell).

Valentine Brown (Mr. Sydney Brough).



Phoebe Throssell (Miss Maude Adams).

ACT II.—PHOEBE (WITHOUT HER RINGLETS AND ENGAGEMENT-RING) TAKES TO SCHOOL-TEACHING.

From Photographs by Byron, New York. (See Page 258.)

SCENES FROM J. M. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY, "QUALITY STREET."

PRODUCED WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN NEW YORK.



Phoebe Throssell (Miss Maude Adams).

ACT III.—PHOEBE (WITH HER RINGLETS AGAIN) KEEPS HER FOUR NEW SUITORS IN ORDER.



Valentine Brown (Mr. Sydney Brough).

Phoebe Throssell (Miss Maude Adams).

Susan Throssell (Miss Helen Lowell).

ACT IV.—PHOEBE OF THE RINGLETS, HAVING PRETENDED TO BE HER OWN NIECE, IS "DISCOVERED" BY HER SISTER SUSAN AND HER HITHERTO CHANGEABLE LOVER, CAPTAIN VALENTINE BROWN.

From Photographs by Byron, New York. (See Page 258.)

"QUALITY STREET."

DR. J. M. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY.

AFTER being long expected, and arousing, of course, increased interest by the occasional delays as to production, Mr.—or, to speak by the card, Dr.—J. M. Barrie's new play, written primarily for the American market, has recently had its chief production in New York City, after a series of little trial-trips which started at Toledo, Ohio.

In "Quality Street," the shrewd Barrie—to whom American theatricals, I may say, are by no means unknown—has histrionically measured Miss Adams to a shade of an inch. Her character is that of Phœbe Throssell, who long ere the action of the play commences has worn the nickname of "Phœbe of the Ringlets." The period is the time when all Europe was much troubled by reason of the Napoleonic Wars. Phœbe, the heroine (the damsel with the ringlets), is a quiet but quaint little English girl who lives with a still quieter, not to say Quakerish, sister in Quality Street, in a humdrum little English town which you can place anywhere you like upon the map of the British Isles. Suffice it to say that this small town is decidedly provincial and exceedingly prim, and that Quality Street is the primmest and most provincial thoroughfare to be found thereabouts. And, in passing, it may be pointed out that, in depicting the habits and customs of the prunish and prismatic folk of this old-world, highly respectable street, Mr. Barrie has expended some of his most delightful humour. *Sketch* readers (who are also, of course, Barrie readers) will know what that means.

Little Phœbe has naturally a taste for quiet fun and harmless mirth, but this taste has been all but quenched under what Malvolio would call the "austere regard" of her "people" and their neighbours of Quality Street. But, although she is kept so close, there arrives a time when a romance comes along to make Phœbe's ringlets rustle with excitement. This takes the form of her falling in love with and fancying she is dearly beloved by Dr. Valentine Brown, a fine, hearty young fellow. Brown, however, is scarcely so explicit as he might, could, would, and, indeed, should be. As a matter of fact, so indefinite is he that poor little Phœbe, after longing for his declaration of love and finding him, as she fondly thinks, about to confess his passion, discovers that the doctor has merely come to say good-bye because he is going to the wars.

The disillusioned little Phœbe anon buries her once prized and petted ringlets under a demure cap, and, with her prim and precise much-elder sister, takes to school-teaching. She continues to perform this monotonous kind of work from the age of eighteen until she is nearly seven-and-twenty, when, lo! Dr. Valentine Brown returns from the wars a full-blown Captain. The Captain, with that thoughtlessness characteristic of some men (and, alas, even of some otherwise dear ladies!), remarks, with somewhat unnecessary candour, on poor little Phœbe's changed and faded appearance. Phœbe, being only human (and femininely human at that), is stung by these remarks, and so she resolves to cast aside her lately acquired old-maidishness and to blossom forth again in more youthful attire and in her old-time glossy-ringleted form. Therefore, when the Captain-Doctor calls again, he finds quite a radiant little beauty in the house—so radiant and beautiful, indeed, that he does not recognise Phœbe. Phœbe now sees a chance of fooling him to the top of his bent, and she at once proceeds to do so. Pretending, for the nonce, to be her own niece, she angles, as it were, for the Captain. That unsuspecting warrior-surgeon falls into the trap and becomes hopelessly smitten. Then, Phœbe, in order both to plague him and to frighten him off, begins to very much go the pace, as it were. At balls and routs, at parties and assemblies, she adopts the most giddy manners, attracting all sorts of suitors, honourable and otherwise, in her train.

Eventually the sometime fascinated Brown becomes a little "tired," as the Americans say, and not only speaks roundly to the pretended niece, but also makes it plain that, since his experience of this niece's giddiness, he is longing for the love of such a good-as-gold girl as the apparently missing Phœbe was. It is here that Phœbe's strongest and most trying scene comes. She goes mad with delight at learning of the Captain's real love for her true self; but now also comes her trouble—that is, how to get rid of her pretended niecehood and how to explain the deception to her very sedate relatives. This crux leads, as may be supposed, to several amusing episodes and equivoques before matters are finally set right, one of the best being Phœbe's roguish confusing of the doctor by appearing now as the fragile Phœbe, and anon as the more robust niece, Livy. The piece ends with a delightful little love-scene in Mr. Barrie's best manner.

Apart from the charm and, as one may say, old-world fragrance of "Quality Street," Mr. Barrie has again proved himself an expert playwright by the way in which he has "fitted" Miss Adams with a character full of those varying moods in which she delights both herself and her vast public. Miss Adams enacts the difficult character of Phœbe of the Ringlets with infinite charm and variety; her playing on discovering that, after all her years of doubt, the hitherto uncertain-minded Valentine Brown really loves her is so full of intensity that the audiences at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, call and recall her again and again to receive their heartiest plaudits. Mr. Sydney Brough scores splendidly as the fitful Brown, and so do Miss Marion Abbott as Patty, quite a delightful serving-maid, and Miss Helen Lowell as Phœbe's particularly prim sister.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Least Favoured Nation—Who Said Atrocities? (Answer: Germany)—Professional Traitors—The Toy in Politics—Information as She is Gave—A Truthful Newspaper (Guaranteed Circulation in Five Continents)—Discharged Emperor "Wants Place"—Will the Boers Become our Allies?

THE recent greatly-to-be-deplored but very-much-exceedingly-worthy-to-be-animadverted-upon attacks in Germany on the unspeakably-insufferable English nation make it necessary that a few incoherent remarks should be in these columns at the present emergency about to be made, in order that by which the less the no-doubt-genuine-but-inconceivably-ridiculous-opinion should hold ground that England upon Boer children and helpless female-feminine women is making war. There! I must say the rest in English, for it is little wonder that a nation with a language like the German—with a sediment of indigestible verbs at the end of each sentence—should be a little soured in temper.

One would think there could be no better object-lesson of our humanity than the Boers now actually serving in our ranks and commanding our corps. These gentlemen, provided they escape being killed in action, run the risk of being assassinated as renegades by fellow-burghers after the War, or murdered off-hand if taken prisoners. Again, if they surrender and assist the enemy with information, we should have to shoot them later on for treason. Their position is thus highly embarrassing from both points of view.

Friction like this between two nations invariably ends in a declaration from one of them that it will cease trading with the other. It never comes to anything, but a wholesale boycott is always announced against French beans, German silver, Brussels sprouts, or whatever the article may be that is obviously manufactured in the obnoxious country. Thus, in the usual way, a boycott of English toys is talked of in Germany for this Christmas. To my own mind, this is highly reassuring, for it proves that there are some goods of English make still sold and open to boycott in Germany, and that all our trade all over the world is not yet "captured."

The Sketch makes a speciality of moral lessons on such occasions, and that of the present is the profound ignorance of foreigners about England, and *vice versa*. We believed that every Frenchman knew Dreyfus to be innocent and wanted him condemned, against all the principles of justice, simply for his religion. We are assured from satisfactory evidence that the pastime of every Chinese gentleman is the inhuman torture of his subordinates and that the average Chinese tradesman is a shameless rogue (though commercial morality in China is several degrees higher than with us). In like manner, the Germans are sincerely convinced that an elementary feature in the routine of English tactics, taught in our military schools, is the placing of prisoners in the front rank—to be shot off after the engagement to save their board and lodging.

They know—for they have read it in the newspapers—that Boer women and children are permanently attached to our guns as a part of the apparatus and are used as a sort of armour-plating for our military trains. They are aware that Mr. Chamberlain is identical with the Lord Great Chamberlain, and that, therefore, his conduct is the more un-Chamberlish as being in direct communication with the King. I have heard people say that there are enough papers, but there is certainly a "long-felt want" for one more—an international, impartial journal printed in Volapuk, with no leading articles, edited by the President of the Swiss Republic. Only authenticated telegrams from eye-witnesses would be printed, and a specially strong feature would be a column on "Popular Lies of the Moment."

It would probably be a commercial failure, for it would confine itself to facts. Still (having a guaranteed circulation in five Continents), it would be a splendid advertising medium for retired Heirs to the Crown of China and discharged French Emperors "wanting places," Presidents of Republics "going abroad to travel and having an Army and a National Debt to dispose of to a careful purchaser," Spanish and Turkish Governments "anxious to meet with a gentleman with five or ten millions capital to invest; no questions answered; strict privacy," and States in Central America intending to go to war and requiring the loan of an Army and Navy on easy terms. Yankee monopolists with a "corner" in any particular commodity could, of course, push it enormously with a standing column-advertisement.

Fortunately, there is a fear in Germany of driving us to join the Dual Alliance. This would probably lead to a general readjustment of Europe; France would secede and combine with the Germans, Japan would enter the Concert and co-operate with Italy and Austria, the Boers would become our allies in order to preserve the balance of power, and Russia accidentally seize a Continent or two left unguarded in the confusion of the moment. Keith Johnston might put in active preparation a new edition of the map of the world.—HILL ROWAN,



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS "SHERLOCK HOLMES," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



LADY CASTLEREAGH.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



[Drawn by Dudley Hardy.]

THE WINTER GIRL.

"I'LL TAKE THAT WINTER FROM YOUR LIPS."



II.—THE GARRICK.

BEING primarily devoted to the interests of the dramatic profession, and bearing as a crest a terrestrial globe, and as a motto that somewhat famous assurance that "all the world's a stage," it seems a weird anomaly that the Garrick should be so largely the haunt of members of the legal profession. Its walls are adorned with the portraits of great Thespians past and present, its corners are filled by busts of mummies of to-day and yesterday, its passages are lined with reproductions of the very costumes of dead puppets; but its arm-chairs bear the impress of legal weight, and its knives and forks clatter at the will of artists and Guardsmen, Freemasons and "coaches," Colonial Governors and Dukes (with or without "views"). The immortal Garrick has, indeed, willy-nilly, lent his name to a union of all the professions in which his own is the least represented.

The Garrick is a Jekyll-and-Hyde Club. It is also—at luncheon-time—a show-window in which the English world's intellect is displayed for the delectation of the Garrick Street passer-by. In this window, should you so desire it, you shall see the Pinero of your playgoing delights *tête-à-tête* with the Courtney of your *Daily Telegraphic* amusement. Here you shall see the mummer and the funny-bird, the critical lion lie down with the theatrical lamb. In fact, did I not know my "somebodies" by heart, I would pass the hours from one to three a silent spectator of the facial appearance and the gastronomical abilities of our intellectual great ones—free of all possible charge save that of curiosity. I would see how my Pinero developed problem-plays out of Irish stew, how my Wyndham learned elocution in a game-pie, and my Cyril Maude acquired comedy from bubble-and-squeak. Yet I would not advise the ignorant to line Garrick Street, for the blinds would quickly be drawn in front of modest faces.

But I have said that the Garrick is a Jekyll-and-Hyde Club. And so it is. Enter it by day and you shall find it peopled by those who whisper and read the *Times*, and not necessarily that part of the *Times* alone which is devoted to the brilliance of Mr. Walkley. By day you shall tread softly, speak low, and talk of the approaching fall of Governments.

You shall, if a stranger, be ushered through a gloomy passage to a darksome dining-room, where you will eat well, but with solemnity; and thence to a smoking-room, where you will worship at the shrine of My Lady Nicotine in a light that even the Duke of Newcastle would call dim. If a guest, beyond these dusky haunts you cannot stray, save on one day in the week, when you may be allowed to gaze upon the presentments of past mummies till your heart aches, even as the heart of the leading

member of the Upper Tooting Thespians aches when he waits for an hour at the pit-door to see Mr. Penley, only to find him indisposed. All of which goes to prove that the Garrick Club, being imbued with the feeling that all the world is a stage, prefers to keep that part of it of which it knows least isolated, obscure. And, if the stage is anything like the world, one ceases to wonder.

That is the Garrick Club *à la* Jekyll. To the Garrick Club *à la* Hyde I will take you now—but you must sit up late. You must wait until the mists have begun to rise on Piccadilly Circus and the last 'bus becomes a thing of moment. You must wait, indeed, until the last yell of "Keb or kerridge!" has long died away, and the grease-paint that has made your hero beautiful has been washed away, only to leave him plain. You must, in a word, wait till midnight. Then shall you find the Garrick in that element in which its unwilling founder would have willed it. No longer need you seek dark alleys, no longer must you lower your tones in wonder, no longer need you be awed by the dread solemnity of Club entertainment. A long room, a bright and a merry room, is the one into which you will be ushered, and a room largely peopled by those who would emulate Garrick or who live distressed by the thought that Garrick was never like them. You will find the father of all the actors and the sons of some of them, the *doyen* of the critics and the last of the Guardsmen, the leader of the Bar and the journalist *malgré lui*. You will see *Punch* shake hands with the *Standard*, and the *Daily Chronicle* take the *Times* unto its bosom. You will find

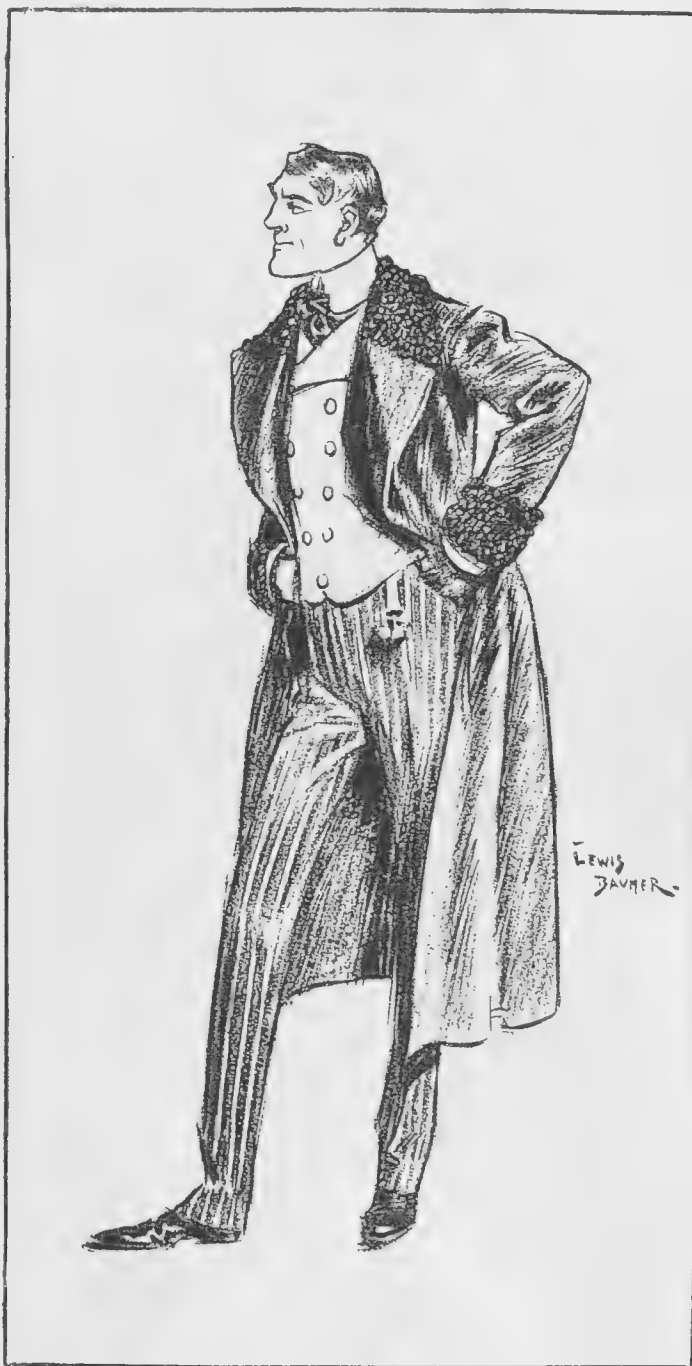
the Church providing the Stage with refreshment, and the Stage returning the compliment with cigars, while Society shines upon them all—interrogatory, but the soul of geniality. It is no longer the Garrick Club of 12 a.m. The very waiters hold kidneys with a livelier air, and the glasses look as if they had lost their bases. The talk is no longer of Governments, but of the town, and the chaff flies before the whisky. The greatest of all the mummies for once forgets himself and is natural, the highest of all the comedians descends quite low, the artist solemnly contemplates the hairdresser, and the journalist begins to doubt the supreme power of the Press.

After 12 p.m., in a word, the Garrick is Bohemia—middle-aged Bohemia, *raffiné fin de siècle*—Bohemia in dress-clothes. It is a Bohemia which enjoys itself, but without excess of noise—or, indeed, of anything. It finds amusement in the contemplation of the glass, not in the breaking of it, in the thought of song rather than the singing of it. It is, in a word, a Bohemia into which Mrs. Grundy has crept, though there are no ladies' rooms—and Mr. Grundy is sometimes there too. Twenty years ago it would not have been called Bohemia at all, but we have changed all that. The members of the Savage Club dress for dinner nowadays, and even at the Press Club you may find a white tie every now and then.

Towards three, this Bohemia dissolves, though on Saturday nights it sometimes stays up later. It need not necessarily separate at all, for, not inside the Garrick, Heaven help him who would turn you out. One member who has passed away made a practice, I have heard, of staying till 9 a.m., then drove away in a familiar four-wheeled cab. But, as the Garrick grows older, it will grow earlier, for your Garrick of 1901 is a business-man who can tell you quite a deal about syndicates, and has been known to spell "art" p-r-o-f-i-t, while your barrister has so many refreshers by day that he must perforce eschew them at night-time. One or two of the

older members—greybeards of a past generation—still stop up, Saturday night after Saturday night, till the grey of Sunday dawn, but when they pass away we may find the Club closing at two.

And it is very little harder for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for an actor to get into the Garrick. But both feats are so seldom performed that they scarcely matter at all.



THE MODERN GARRICK.

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.



[Drawn by Phil May.]

JUST HOME FROM THE ARTIST'S.

"There you are, sonny; that's your grandfather. Think he's like me?"

"Ye—es; but don't you think the painter should have brightened the end of the nose a little?"

"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

A Series of Biographical Caricatures by Tom Browne.



NO. I.—MR. PHIL MAY.

[Others of this Series will include Sir Henry Irving, Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Hall Caine, Dan Leno, and Eugene Sandow.]

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

POLTROON.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE. ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.

PART II.



PIERRE RAGON could not sleep, could not read. The boy had set some ancient string vibrating in his memory, and now the brain was haunted by elusive chords—waking, or half-waking, forgotten, deceptive cadences of the past. Vainly he sought to arrange these wandering chords; again and again he leant upon his elbow, gazing from his bed through the moon-whitened window, striving to bring all these faint, scattered vibrations into one clear, harmonious memory. No, he could accomplish nothing. It was the brain's cheating: the youth was a religious maniac—there were scores of them in Paris—and he meant nothing to Pierre and would never cross his path again. He fell asleep.

Ah! but memory was awake. The mind that for ten years had never looked beyond the next day's need was now occupied by the risen ghosts of a past that lay a hundred leagues beyond the circumambient spells of Paris. And now they moved about their strange world, greeting each other, going about their tasks, just as if they had never been thrown into this long ten-years' slumber, for all the world as if they were still the principal players on that little stage. There was the surly father—drunken, cruel, vindictive—swaying in at the narrow door, to the fear of them all; the mother, vigorous, shrewish of speech, clever with the cattle, looking up from her work-basket, angry but hopeless. He saw again the five children, himself the eldest; even the earnest young Curé who came and read Dante and Petrarch with him. They were all there, these ghosts of childhood. Yes, he saw the little, sun-baked dairy-farm, saw the weary, careworn faces of the peasants, heard the church-bell ringing monotonously, smelt the wild-flowers, the butter-tubs, the milk-pails; saw his mother looking up fiercely from the foaming wash-tub to shout quick, passionate corrections at the boys and girls sprawling in clumsy sabots on the stone floor; saw himself sitting in the long grass of the orchard with the Curé, learning Italian and delighting the priest by the nimbleness of his intelligence. Then, when the Curé was gone, he saw a long, green lane—dim, cool, glimmering—and there between the hedges walked a slim boy with a child in his arms, talking to it, telling it stories, picking flowers for it—

He started from sleep. This boy who had spoken to him, this terrified youth in Paris waiting for death! It was his brother, the youngling of the flock, the child to whom he had shown love and affection, the timid, nervous child who had reached boyhood with a passionate, a servile admiration for the resolute elder brother. This realisation set Pierre's brain tingling, set all the chords of memory jangling; but gradually the long-habituated mind resumed its wonted action, interest in the boy became calm and passionless, and then—just as the morning sun broke over his beloved Paris—he fell into a dreamless sleep.

But with morning came fresh interest in his brother. He began arranging in his mind the probable history of this boy. He remembered how the timid child had been called "Le Poltron," how oft he had defended him against the others; but he fancied how father and mother, fearful of driving yet another son into rebellion and desertion, had tried to coax this despised coward into love of husbandry. He could hear them talking together before the child of the rich fields that would one day be his, of the profit they had made at the last market, of the fine horse they intended to buy next spring. But in vain, in vain; the longing for adventure, the witchery that hung about his own fate, must have drawn even the timid boy, even the little poltroon, further and further away from the stifling peace of that lonely homestead, won him more and more to make the bold dash for freedom and the world. Then—Paris.

But how had he lived there? The boy had no wits; there was no one in the whole city to whom he could go for charity or help. Ah! he must have suffered! Perhaps this death he spoke of was death from privation. Horrible, horrible! The little brother he had loved, the only creature in all God's millions to whom he had ever shown tenderness and solicitude, the coward alone in this heartless Paris! He must do something; he must find this poor, frightened child and bring him back to his own dog-hole. There was always a franc or two to spare at the end of the week.

It was strange, though, that the brother had not disclosed his relationship. Evidently he had recognised Pierre. Oh yes! he had said fifty things that were enigmatical last night, but which were now as clear as the big red sun high over the Bois de Boulogne there. But why had the boy kept his secret? Some fate was hanging over him. He feared some destiny. He was eager not to involve the brother he had adored in childhood in this calamity that threatened him. Yes, this was it! Ah, sweet, sweet little Paul! How it all came thronging, surging back into his mind—their home, their games, their tasks, their wanderings together! The boy's love for him, his almost breathless admiration! Ah! if they could come together again!

Pierre looked less in the glass that morning; he hurried over his toilet and made his way into the streets. Hither and thither he wandered, searching among the faces of the people for the pinched, white face of little Paul. The memory of his childhood was so quick, so lively now, that he could think of nothing save the possession of his brother. The habits of ten years dropped suddenly from his being, leaving him the eager, ambitious boy—champion of the little, girlish brother who hung upon his protection and adored him like a god. A strange craving to succour the child again sprang up in his mind, vigorous and consuming; he realised of a sudden the appalling barrenness of his lonely ten years in Paris, he became woman-like in his yearning to protect and brood over this young life. A man is too old at thirty to make new friends—friends to whom he can open his heart; that is why, perhaps, one sees so many unequal intellectual attachments, for we cling—do we not?—to the friends of our boyhood and youth, whether they have stood still or gone backward.

But, as day succeeded day and Pierre advanced not an inch in the quest of his brother, this longing lost in intensity. He went about his work as usual, looked as frequently in the glass, smiled as often to himself, and kept his eyes open for his brother only when he was not working or thinking of something else.

One morning, as he passed from a quiet street to one of the main thoroughfares, Pierre found himself in the midst of a noisy and excited multitude waiting for the passing through their midst of a foreign potentate. The men, almost all of them smoking cigars, were laughing and chatting with great animation; women, for the most part standing silently tiptoe, craned their necks and merely gazed between heads at the people who still walked to and fro in the centre of the road. In the midst of the crowd were scowling gendarmes—shouting, threatening, and pushing; in the road were the soldiers, smoking cigarettes and muttering among themselves as they waited for orders. Pierre lighted a cigarette and stood there watching with the rest of them. The hot sun beating down upon the noisy, cheerful crowd warmed his blood and brought the old quiet, self-satisfied smile to his white face. He loved to feel the people thronging him. The pressure of their bodies seemed to absorb him into the mass of humanity; he was no unit in terrible isolation face to face with God (poor little Paul!), but one of a great, child-like race, to be saved in the lump or lost in the lump—it mattered very little which.

There was jest and chaff, temper and violence, in this great crowd, and Pierre enjoyed it all; it touched him at all points of his being; it swamped that troublesome identity of Man; it made him one with the world. But as he was swayed hither and thither, smiling good-heartedly through his eye-glasses on the people about him, muttering little words of comfort and advice to the terrified women, he saw, but a foot or two away from him, his brother Paul. He was wedged in so completely that it was impossible to reach Paul. The hubbub was so great that no shout would attract the boy's attention. But he kept his eyes riveted upon Paul and strained all his powers to sway the restless crowd in that direction. Paul was on the edge of the kerb, a little, pathetic figure behind the glittering soldiery! How faded were his clothes! How pinched his face! How tragic the misery in his brooding eyes!

There was another cry now. The soldiers became alert. The noise of the crowd hushed for an instant. People swayed suddenly forward. "Here they come! Here they come!" The noise of voices grew louder: the crowd struggled to beat in the soldiers; Pierre was swept forward, but to the left of Paul. "Here they come! Quick, quick!" There was a fierce rush. Women screamed and struck at men's faces. The

crowd rocked and bent as if it were a lath. Louder the din, fiercer the battle for the pavement's edge. Gendarmes were using their staves, soldiers threatening with their bayonets. "Here they come! Here they come!"

Like the spray of a wave swept in front of the crest, the cheering of the crowd was wafted down the street and filled the air while the cavalcade was yet afar off. "Why don't they come?" panted the women. "Here they are!" shouted back excited men, and, with that, the people leaned their whole massive weight forward and swept gendarmes and soldiers clear into the road. Pierre, gasping for breath, was hurled forward, his feet off the ground, his arms vainly striving to shield a woman from destruction. He had forgotten about Paul. This woman was fainting; in another instant she would sink to the ground and be trodden underfoot. He fought for her, hurled scorn into the sweating faces straining past him with hot breath, and shouted to every chance

gendarme for assistance. But now it was worse, much worse; the soldiers were beating the people back, horses were plunging into the inextricable mass; back—back—back! and once again the shout arose, with a clearness unmistakable, "Here they come! Here they come!" There was a roar of thunder. A party of cavalry trotted down the emptied road, long plumes streaming back in the air, scabbards ringing and swinging at their sides. Quick, quick; it would soon flash past! The crowd pressed forward. "Here they come!" A single horseman, four horses drawing a carriage, and in the carriage—Look, look!

"Vive le roi! Vive le roi!"

Then the sound of a revolver, a puff of white smoke curling over the crowd, and Pierre had dropped the fainting woman into the arms of the people to fling himself upon his brother Paul.

Paul felt a hand tugging at his revolver, and yielded it up; a blow struck him behind the ear, and he fell forward. The yells of a million devils rang in his ears. God! they would tear him to pieces!

"Death to the Anarchist! Death to the Anarchist!"

"Where is he? Where is the Anarchist? Death to him! Death! Death! Death!"

Soldiers and gendarmes were in the midst of the crowd; sabres and rifles flashed about Paul on all sides. Ah! they were protecting him from the people! The people—for whom he had fired at this idle tyrant—wanted to tear him to pieces! Never mind; he died for their sake. But death! Even in that crowd, how hideous, how awful it was!

A sabre flashed across his eyes, a blow struck him on the lips; he reeled back, the blood choking him. When would they get him out of this howling mass? And yet, better to die now than live a little longer face to face with death. The scene swam before his eyes; the crowded houses tottered, the ground went from under him. Everything was blood-red! O death, death, death! He made

one panic-stricken effort for freedom.

"Back, back, you little devil!" cried a gendarme, striking him fiercely in the chest.

Back? He looked round; he forced his consciousness to activity. For a moment he was cool and rational. What! He was outside that ring of soldiers and gendarmes? He was in the midst of the people? No one was shrieking for his blood! He would not have to die! New joy sprang up in his heart. He laughed; he cried aloud with the others. "Death to the Anarchist!"

He forced himself forward, and sent his eyes in a lightning glance into the circle of the soldiers and gendarmes.

"I took the revolver from him!" shouted a gendarme.

"Yes, it was I!" said the man alone in the close circle of soldiers.

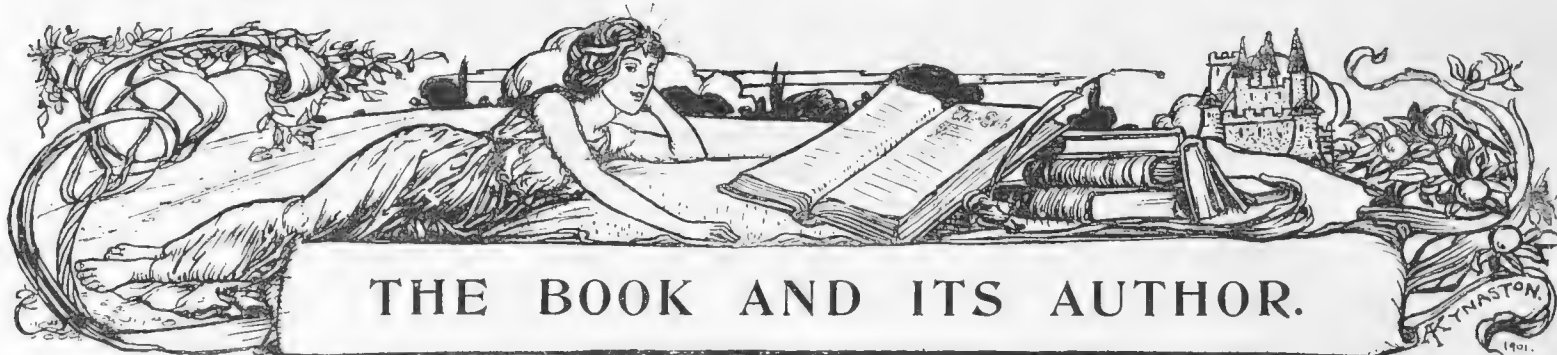
"Away with him!" cried the officer.

And just as Paul pressed forward, with the cry of "Death to the Anarchist!" frozen on his lips, he was struck across the breast again, and the gendarme's voice shouted in his ear. "Back, back, you little devil! Don't let me find you pushing again, that's all!"

THE END.



Just as Paul pressed forward, with the cry of "Death to the Anarchist!" frozen on his lips, he was struck across the breast again, and the gendarme's voice shouted in his ear, "Back, back, you little devil!"



"THE SHOES OF FORTUNE."

"**M**ON DIEU! dear lad, 'tis a world of most fantastic happenings," says Father Hamilton, one of the principal figures and certainly the best-drawn character in Mr. Neil Munro's latest romance, "The Shoes of Fortune" (Isbister). And it is in a world of most fantastic happenings that this talented novelist delights, albeit the fantasy which shapes and drapes them is specially and distinctively his



MR. NEIL MUNRO AT WORK ON "THE SHOES OF FORTUNE."

Photo by Warnecke, Glasgow.

very own. Not by any means that all the incidents and the other pieces, so to speak, of the machinery of his novels are fantastic, but fantastic more perhaps than any other word is the adjective which, it seems to me, best describes most of his work. Other elements there are in plenty—power, insight, the instinct for colour, the feeling for movement, the keen sense of what Stevenson, the Master in this kind of literary effort and achievement, called the "velvet and bright iron of the past." And perhaps "The Shoes of Fortune" is the most fantastic of Mr. Munro's stories, the shoes themselves being a pair of red ones which have descended to the hero from a world-roving, world-"reiving" uncle—shoes which are never worn-out, and, therefore, are never repaired "while you wait." Something like leather!

Mr. Neil Munro, as his name sufficiently indicates, is a Kelt, and he possesses in full measure the rich but sometimes embarrassing Keltic gifts—chief of which is a vivid, fiery, but often darkly brooding imagination. His books show him to be a Highlandman to the backbone. The short stories by which general attention was first attracted to him—they originally appeared in *Blackwood* in 1896—were published under the title of "The Lost Pibroch and other Sheiling Stories." They are not a collection of amplified Highland legends, but are the inventions of the author's brain, except in one case in which he has embodied an old tradition. These tales may be said to be particularly Keltic. In them, Mr. Munro himself has told us, he has tried to "re-create in the English form the charm, the spirit, and the poetry of Gaelic story."

Mr. Munro was born at Inverary, under the shadow of the great Castle of the Argylls, some thirty-seven years ago or so, and there he was educated in the parish school. Afterwards he entered a lawyer's office in the town, and at the age of seventeen made his first trial of

literature in the shape of poems and short articles contributed to the county papers. At the age of twenty-one, however, he forsook law for journalism, removed to Glasgow, and occupied for a number of years a position on the *Glasgow Evening News*. His first story, "The Secret of the Heather Ale," appeared in the *Speaker*, and a little later Mr. Henley took another story for the *National Observer*. Next came his contributions to *Blackwood*, published in book form under the title of "The Lost Pibroch," followed by the fine romance of "John Splendid," which also appeared in that periodical. "John Splendid" was very successful, and Mr. Munro, finding his journalistic work did not aid his pursuit of the higher literature, left Glasgow, and took up his abode in a snug, old-fashioned house on the breezy uplands of the Mearns, half-a-dozen miles to the south of that city. A few yards from the place is Waterfoot Bridge, a charming spot beloved of artists; indeed, Waterfoot House, Mr. Munro's residence, is the centre of a beautiful and romantic district, and not lacking in historic interest either, for on the horizon lies the battlefield of Drumclog. The greater part of his time, however, Mr. Munro spends in Inverary. This year, he has been all over the Outer Hebrides, and he intends, I understand, to spend a part of the present winter working in one of the islands of the group at a new story which has them for a background.

The opening scenes of "The Shoes of Fortune" are laid in and about the Mearns, the region in which Mr. Munro has his residence. To this district returns a certain Paul Greig after his expulsion from College at Edinburgh—the latter circumstance conferring on him the nickname of "the Spoiled Horn." Presently, there appears his Uncle Andrew, "with a scarred forehead and a brass-bound chest," and, as it turned out later, a marvellous pair of red shoes in the chest. Fired by the stories he hears from his uncle's lips of the great things which Andrew Greig had done and seen in other lands, he too sets out, as his uncle had done before him, upon the life of adventure, but not until he believes he has killed a man in a duel on the Moor of Mearns. The "time" of the novel is a few years after the Forty-five, and Bonnie Prince Charlie (no longer, alas! particularly bonnie) and other personages of romantic interest play no inconsiderable part in its pages, which narrate with point and spirit and felicity of phrase "how they brought to manhood, love, adventure, and content, as also into divers perils on land and sea in foreign parts and in an alien army, Paul Greig of the Hazel Den in Scotland, one-time purser of the *Seven Sisters* brigantine of Hull, and late lieutenant in the Regiment D'Auvergne, all as writ by him—and now for the first time set forth." Thus, Mr. Munro summarises his book, and no better brief description may well be given of it. "The Shoes of Fortune" is an "excellent good" novel, but, personally, I am inclined to rank it below both "John Splendid" and "Gillian the Dreamer." The two chapters which gripped me most were those dealing with the Uncle Andrew of the hero, and what I liked least about it was the conspicuous absence of any well-sustained love-interest. Nor am I, Scot though I be, much in sympathy with the use—so conspicuous ("kenspuckle"?) a feature of Mr. Munro's literary equipment—of a multitude of Scots words in what purports to be a narrative written in English. Of course, I shall be told of Stevenson, the great Exemplar, but Mr. Munro far out-Stevensons Stevenson.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



MR. NEIL MUNRO IN HIS GARDEN.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

LADY HALLÉ, "VIOLINIST TO THE QUEEN."

WILHELMINE NERUDA was born at Brunn in 1839, and from the earliest age displayed great talent as a violinist, appearing in public in 1845, when only six years of age. She undertook extensive tours, and was heard as a child at the Princess's Theatre. In 1864 Wilhelmine Neruda married Mr. L. Norman, the

Court Conductor at Stockholm; then, as Madame Norman-Neruda, she became one of the most popular violinists in Europe, being especially appreciated as a soloist and as a leader of chamber-music. We are quite justified in speaking of her as the finest of all lady violinists. Her grace and finish of style, her complete mastery of all technical difficulties, and her expression and refinement, have raised her to her present high position. Always a great favourite with the Queen, who has frequently, at considerable inconvenience, made a point of attending any concert where she played, Her Majesty has now appointed her Court Violinist. On the death of her husband, Madame Norman-Neruda became the wife of Sir Charles Hallé, the distinguished pianist and conductor, and still



LADY HALLÉ,

UPON WHOM THE TITLE OF "VIOLINIST TO THE QUEEN" HAS JUST BEEN CONFERRED.

Photo by Barrand, Oxford Street, W.

continued her career with the greatest success. Whenever she appears in public, Lady Hallé is invariably greeted with enthusiasm, and English lovers of music will be delighted to hear of the distinction conferred on her by the Queen, who is known to be thoroughly well qualified to appreciate her great gifts.

It would be rash to predict another long run for

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK,"

and yet on its appearance at the Century Theatre its reception was very favourable. The old favourites, Mr. Sullivan and Miss Dupont, were warmly greeted, and some of the new-comers were quickly in great favour. There is little change, fortunately, in "the polite lunatic," who is still really diverting, and gives some flavour of art to the musical medley. Though Miss Lessing is a young lady of talent, and Miss Irene Perry, the new Fifi, worked energetically, the pleasant memories of Miss Edna May and Miss Phyllis Rankin were undisturbed. The Company certainly has its good points, though on the first-night—for lack, perhaps, of rehearsal—the performance was not as clean and smart as one could have wished, and the chorus has not the prodigious activity of old days.

"MICE AND MEN," AT MANCHESTER.

Mrs. Ryley's hero is one Mark Embury, described as "a scholar, scientist, and philanthropist," who, although believing that his time for love is over, thinks it is his duty to marry, and orders in, as it were, a series of foundling-girls from which to select a likely damsel to train and to educate for a matrimonial and domestic position. These foundlings, having no other *locus standi*, are respectively named after the different districts from which they have been brought, such as Stepney, Whitechapel, and Little Britain. The philanthropic but foolish scientist selects the quaint little damsel from the last-named district, and, bestowing upon her the front-name Peggy, proceeds to tutor her for wifehood in the fashion adopted by the similarly foolish person in Molière's comedy, "L'Ecole des Femmes," as adapted firstly by Mr. "Manly" Wycherly in "The Country Wife," and some two hundred years later by poor Robert Buchanan in a play named "Agnes."

As might be expected, the experiment proves disastrous, for it is shown in due course that Peggy from Little Britain really loves a gallant if a sometime giddy warrior who is eventually shown to be not quite so libertinishly black as he has been painted, and on their arranging to "settle down" the hitherto unsuspecting wife-trainer departs out into what looks like persistent bachelorhood.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has not a great part—nor, indeed, a part worthy of his abilities—as the wife-trainer; but Miss Gertrude Elliott

has a splendid and varied character as the scientist's matrimonial pupil. The remainder of the cast is strong.

MISS ALICE POWELL,

who is now playing in "Sheerluck Jones," made her first appearance in London at the Lyric Theatre, playing Violet in the successful play "Little Miss Nobody." She was then re-engaged by Mr. Davis, and appeared as Sister Francesca in the comic opera "L'Amour Mouillé," subsequently going on tour with Mr. Ganthony's farce, "A Brace of Partridges," and making a "hit" in the part of the American girl, Evangeline Van Bock. After this, Miss Powell returned to London, and fulfilled a lengthy engagement with Mr. Frank Curzon at the Prince of Wales's and Strand Theatres. She is now appearing every evening at Terry's Theatre as Madge Scarabee.

MISS MARJORIE LUTYENS' CONCERT.

To-morrow afternoon, in the Bechstein Hall, Miss Marjorie Lutyens gives her concert, which is timed for three o'clock. Miss Lutyens, who has long been recognised as a brilliant pianist by those who have had the opportunity of hearing her, will play Beethoven's Sonata in D-Major, Op. 28; Chopin's Études in A-flat Major and C-sharp Minor, and the Scherzo in C-sharp Minor; and will conclude the programme with "Liebestraum" and "Rigoletto Fantasia" by Liszt. In addition to these items, Miss Lutyens has been fortunate in securing the services of that charming singer, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lyttelton, whilst the instrumentalists will be Messrs. Spencer Dyke, Lionel Tertis, and B. Patterson Parker.

GERMAN PLAYS.

With all due respect to the enterprise of the German Company, it must be confessed that the performance of "Hedda Gabler" on Nov. 26 could not be regarded entirely in the light of a success. Lilli Schwendemann-Pansa's rendering insisted too much on the intense *ennui* felt by Hedda, to the exclusion of the other characteristics of this many-sided woman as Ibsen portrays her, and only at the end of the third Act—the burning of the manuscript—did she seem thoroughly to grip the part. I venture to think that Max Behrend would have made an admirable Gerichts-rath Brack, but as Eilert Löwberg he was certainly disappointing, and in one of the chief passages of the play—where he and Hedda are reviving old memories—he dropped his voice to a sibilant whisper which was exceedingly difficult to hear. Hans Andresen was fortunate in having a rôle more suited to him, but he played Jörgen Tesman a little too "fussily" and is rather fond of repeating the same gestures. It would be interesting to see a revival of the work in English, for it is a considerable time since Miss Robins gave her conception of the part for the benefit of Metropolitan playgoers.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT,

WHO CREATED THE LEADING LADY'S PART IN MRS. RYLEY'S NEW PLAY, "MICE AND MEN," PRODUCED AT MANCHESTER RECENTLY BY MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE PIANOLA.

WHEN the really comprehensive history of our own times comes to be written, this epoch will be classified, or should be, as the age of Living made Easy. Appliances are brought into being every day by busy brains for the greater saving of trouble and shortening of labour as their sole object. These inventive effects



PIANOLA IN USE WITH GRAND PIANO.

are made to apply to all classes. As the world daily develops, therefore, we find ourselves approaching that halcyon stage of existence when effort will be practically superfluous and the mechanical genius of the twentieth-century brain will supply the place of the beneficent fairy of childhood days, who delighted in anticipating wishes before they were actually formed. Home-made jams and homespun linens were the results of soothing and appropriate forms of mild dissipation on our grandmothers' part. But we have no leisure for such gentle methods of wasting time. Even into the Sacred Temple of the Arts does this spirit of modernity enter, a last result of which is the possibility to each one of making divine music at one's own fireside without all the previous years of painful effort and ear-splitting result which have immemorably attended



PIANOLA IN USE WITH UPRIGHT PIANO.

"learning the piano." The possession of a Pianola accomplishes, in fact, the apparently impossible, for it converts the merest tyro into the finished musician, and that without any of the *peine forte et dure* which the finished musician has had first to endure before arriving at the salvos of his generation.

The question then naturally arises as to the why and wherefore of this vaunted invention, which can bring music to the finger-tips of the untaught. Is it a self-playing instrument? No. Is it a mechanical contrivance? No, again. The Pianola, to put the position in a nutshell, is a little instrument which, brought into conjunction with any kind of piano, upright or otherwise, enables the possessor thereof to perform with ease the works of the greatest *maestros* by a simple but perfect arrangement of stops and pedals. All the modulations and effects of time and expression can be followed with the utmost precision, as the composer intended, while the most florid execution is smoothly and readily achieved without the preliminary finger-ache, not to mention the accompanying headache, which in ordinary circumstances the practice of difficult compositions involves. If the thousand owners of the thousand useless pianos in this country could be made aware of this fact, how much additional pleasure, and that of the highest order, might not be introduced into our homes! Paderewski himself says, "It is astonishing to see this little device at work, executing masterpieces of pianoforte literature with a dexterity, clearness, and velocity which no player, however great, can approach," which testimony from our greatest living pianist leaves nothing unsaid. The Pianola gives a repertory of six thousand compositions. No musician, however facile, has ever accomplished one-sixth of this number. Nothing, in fact, of labour attaches to its marvellous powers except to control the expression, which is done by the use of stops. Thus, all the pleasure and none of the drudgery is made possible.

The different pieces of music are perforated rolls, which, as used, release currents of air. These act on levers, which in their turn strike the keys of the piano, *et voilà tout!* Yet this simple contrivance reproduces the



PIANOLA IN USE WITH COTTAGE PIANO.

effect of well-trained human fingers with incredibly realistic results. The circulating library maintained by the Orchestrelle Company gives to the owner of a Pianola access at all times to their immense repertoire. The annual subscription is four guineas, and London subscribers can take as many as twelve rolls at a time, which may be kept for two weeks. The price of the Pianola attachment is relatively a bagatelle, when the lasting pleasure it conveys is considered. By gradual payments it can be obtained for £65, and for cash a discount of 20 per cent. is allowed. Finally, it can be bought at the Orchestrelle Company's Offices, 225, Regent Street, to which all owners of pianos are hereby counselled to address themselves.

I have come across a pretty little story called "An Island Interlude," published by John Long and written by John Amity, whose name is new to me. In these days of novels with a purpose—a purpose that is generally unpleasant, by the way—it is a relief to pick up a book that has a short story without problems to unfold. The way of a man with a maid has inspired countless novels and will continue to do so for all time; the theme never grows old, for by the time one generation has outlived interest in it, another generation has arisen eager to hear the familiar story over again. The man of John Amity's story is a politician who is seeking for rest beyond the area covered by telegraph-wires and telephones, and the woman is a charming heiress who resides on the island for the greater part of the year. The politician's heart is younger than his head; the lady's heart is a pleasure "waiting for the sunrise of a great passion for all its flowers to bloom, and all its bowers to ring with melody." You can guess the rest, but for the way the *dénouement* is reached I refer you to the book, to which Mrs. Mary Raphaël has contributed a pretty cover. With care and attention to his work, John Amity should find an audience even in these days, when the supply of books threatens to exceed the demand.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Automobilism on the Continent—The Cause of England's Backwardness—Hope for the Future—On Cycling Enthusiasm and Over-Indulgence—Winter Riding: its Probabilities and Pleasures—Loose Stones on the Highway—The late Cycle Exhibitions.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 4, 4.51; Thursday, 4.50; Friday, 4.50; Saturday, 4.50; Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, 4.49.

It is remarked by people who have visited the Continent, and particularly France, that automobilism seems to be more advanced there than here. This is the fact, inasmuch as a goodly proportion of the master patents of parts used in the petrol-motor are held by French or German syndicates. English people are astonished that such should be the case—hugging to themselves the old idea that Britain is first in all matters appertaining to engineering. Whatever we may be in other branches of engineering, it must be frankly acknowledged that in automobilism we are a bit behind our Continental friends. Let the wondering Britisher inquire the cause and he will speedily find it.

Unreasoning prejudice, sniggering ridicule, morbid sentimentality for the poor, threatened horse, and, worst of all, harsh legislation on the part of promulgators of road-laws, have tended to keep automobilism back in this country. As with the cycle, so with the motor. At its introduction, the cycle evoked the derision of the multitude, and the cyclist was adjudged fair target at which to hurl gutter refuse. Five years ago, the average Frenchman acclaimed the speedy motor-car as the wonder of the coming age and its driver as a pioneer hero. In England, Englishmen jeered at the vehicle, called it a "stink-pot" and other choice names, and proclaimed its driver as mad as a hatter.

In order to thoroughly exploit the possibilities of the British-made motor, Englishmen are obliged to go abroad. Under the ægis of Foreign Governments, and with the direct assistance of those Governments' paid functionaries, all kinds of experiments in motoring have been and are being carried out. Tests of speed, endurance, durability, power, and the dexterity of drivers are continually taking place on the Continent or in America; but in England, home of engineering, such tests, if attempted, would mean to the experimenter a visit to the nearest Magistrate and a fine of five pounds and costs, or a month in jail. One has to be thankful that the dogged determination of the British manufacturer is a force to be reckoned with. The Britisher is rapidly overhauling his long-start competitor, and, as soon as we have a little less grandmotherly legislation in the matter, the industry will become a staple one—spelling prosperity to a large number of the lieges.

In cycling there is a great temptation to go to excess, a condition of things which should be avoided as far as possible. It is not always the young and athletic who are guilty of too much cycling enthusiasm: I have noticed it in middle-aged gentlemen, and have been amused at the fiercely determined manner in which cycling has been attacked—cases of riding morning, noon, and night, as if to make up for the years' lost opportunities. The worst of this sort of enthusiasm is that the rider ultimately becomes surfeited, *ennui* sets in, and, as likely as not, the glamour of cycling is lost for ever.

Unlike every other quasi-athletic pastime (except pedestrianism), cycling requires no elaborate preparations for its immediate indulgence;

the means—the bicycle—are always to hand, and the temptation is to ride at every opportunity. By this excessive riding, the real benefits of cycling are minimised, for it becomes a mechanical action and ceases to be a vigorous exercise. The bicycle is a good thing, but one can have too much of a good thing. In this connection, I remember a joke concerning a young man and a doctor. The young man was as thin as the proverbial rake and looked in the last stages of consumption. The doctor's diagnosis was that his patient wanted fresh air and plenty of exercise, his condition having been brought about by too much sedentary work. A bicycle was recommended, but the patient mildly suggested that he did not care for cycling, as he earned his living by pedalling a tradesman's tricycle all over the City.

Sunday of this week marks the low-water line in the lamp-lighting table. For ten days the time for lighting up will remain stationary at 4.49, after which the scale will gradually ascend. The passing of the darkest day is always a matter of relief to the cyclist, for, although there are still more than two months of wintry weather in prospective, that weather is of a harder character and cycling is made possible and even enjoyable. Winter cycling, indeed, is preferable to late-autumn and early-spring riding, when the roads are almost always muddy and the atmosphere dank and humid. When the roads are frost-bound and the air is clear, no better condition of things can exist for complete enjoyment of the pastime, but one must be careful to wrap warmly and avoid standing about in draughty places after a ride. An out-and-home spin at a smart pace, followed by a brisk towelling and complete change of under-garments, puts one in fine condition.

One of the dangers of winter riding is the abundance of loose metal with which urban, suburban, and country road-surveyors besprinkle the roads. In well-regulated districts the steam-roller sets the matter right almost immediately; but, unfortunately, these well-regulated districts are few and far between, and the dangerous practice of patching holes and inequalities with miniature boulders of flint, to be worked in by the wheels of passing traffic, still obtains in parts. Many a bad fall and many a ruined tyre can be traced to this cause, yet cyclists have no redress. I am pleased to notice that public attention has been called to a practice in vogue in London which has caused endless trouble with cycle and motor tyres. This is the sprinkling of small chips of sharp flint on asphalt and wood roads to prevent horses slipping. Considering the enormous number of cyclists and motorists who use London streets, this practice is really intolerable. Sand and ashes are far more efficient, are much cheaper, and do not injure pneumatic tyres.

The two Cycle Exhibitions at the Crystal Palace and the Agricultural Hall respectively closed last Saturday. Both were thoroughly representative of the twin industries of cycling and motoring, and much interest was evinced in the various cars and auto-cycles. In cycles themselves, finality in methods of construction seems almost to have been reached, and the improvements to be observed are mainly in matters of finish and detail. As I anticipated some weeks ago, the free-wheel has been adopted as a standard fitment by all the large cycle-manufacturing houses, and prices have been brought down a little. R. L. J.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Photo by Dinturff and Co., Syracuse, New York.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Winning Owners. It affords me the greatest possible pleasure in being able to congratulate Sir Blundell Maple on his heading the winning owners' list this year. Sir Blundell is one of the pluckiest and most popular patrons of the English Turf, and he has thoroughly earned his position. Sir Blundell breeds his own winners, and I hope he will not hesitate to weed out his losers, for they help to run up the expenses of a large training establishment. I doubt whether Sir Blundell's total of £21,364 has recouped him for the year's outlay. At any rate, the enviable position of first past the post is his, and I may say this counts for everything with a good sportsman. Mr. W. C. Whitney, who comes second on the winning list with £19,822, is also a good sportsman, and I am glad to hear that he will continue to run horses in England in 1902, and that he will visit this country to see some sport. "Mr. T. Kincaid," who is known to everybody as Mr. James Buchanan, and who comes third on the winning list with £18,953, is about to retire from the Turf. I, for one, am sorry, because "Mr. Kincaid" ran his horses straight, and he proved how moderate horses could be changed into becoming first-class animals under the South American method of training. That popular sportsman Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is fifth on the list. Mr. Leo ran one or two good horses and many very bad ones in 1901. The sensational win of Doricles in the St. Leger accounted for the greater part of his total. Bob Sievier must have had a good year, as he won £11,313.

Winning Jockeys. O. Madden easily headed the list of winning jockeys this year, owing to his having had so many mounts. On averages of wins over mounts, Lester Reiff came first, and many, myself included, think it strange that it should be possible to suggest malpractices against a rider who had shown such good results. It is worthy of note that, if Lester Reiff could not win on a horse, no one could. I hope he may apply for his licence again next year, and get it. D. Maher, who will ride for the King's stable during the Coronation year, has had a most successful season. Maher is delicate and hard wasting does not agree with him. But when in good health he is a fine horseman, and I should not be at all surprised were he to top the list in 1902. S. Loates had a good year, but his accident prevented his finishing the season, and I am afraid it will be a very long time before he will be able to ride in races again. J. Reiff did very well in the later part of the season. I believe he returns to England next spring to continue his engagement with Huggins's stable. George McCall is, in my opinion, one of the very best of the English jockeys; the boy has been brought up under the eagle eye of his father, who is a successful

trainer. McCall rides vigorously and he never considers that a race has been lost until it is won. His services should be in request next year. Of the apprentices, the brothers Aylin, Hardy, Bray, Moss, and Gibson have done the best.

Winning Trainers. The veteran John Huggins heads the list of winning trainers in the matter of money won with £29,142. Although an American, Mr. Huggins is one of the most popular men at Newmarket, and we were all delighted to hear that he intended to return next spring and to resume training operations for Mr. Whitney. John Porter has had a good year with his horses, so has Sam Darling, while, of the Newmarket trainers, W. Waugh, Alvarez, and Blackwell have done well. Of the number of races won, W. Waugh comes first with 58; the Hon. G. Lambton follows with 50. Then we have W. E. Elsey 45, J. Huggins 42, Wishard 39, and Blackwell and S. Darling 37 each. W. E. Elsey, the clever Baumber trainer, who goes in largely for selling-plates, has turned out the greatest number of winning horses, namely, 33; S. Darling, Robson, and W. Waugh have each turned out 24; G. Blackwell and Mr. Lambton have each turned out 23, Major Edwards 20, and John Porter only 18. Richard Marsh has had a very bad year considering the number of horses (over sixty) in his stables. He has won seventeen races with eleven horses, the winnings being £14,362. Eugene Leigh won twenty-seven races with eighteen horses, the total winnings amounting to only £4430. As many of the races were selling-plates and the winners had to be bought in at big prices, a loss must have resulted, unless the winners were heavily backed by the stable. James Ryan won nine races with seven horses, the total being £5886; Ryan evidently went out for the gold.—CAPTAIN COE.

ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.

The doubts expressed before their departure from these shores as to whether MacLaren's team would prove sufficiently strong to cope successfully with Australian elevens cannot be said to have been dispelled by the results of the first three matches. All that can be advanced is that the Englishmen might have done worse, for they can lay claim to one victory. In the opening match at Adelaide against South Australia they lost by 233 runs, due chiefly to the fine batting of Clem Hill and the bowling of the veteran George Giffen. The success of Blythe and Barnes with the ball was, however, in a measure gratifying, and the latter also doing remarkably well at Melbourne against Victoria seemed to offer strong testimony to the judgment of MacLaren, whose wisdom in selecting a practically untried man had been questioned. Barnes certainly did most towards winning this, the second match, though McGahey and Hayward are entitled to their share of credit, in that they made much of their opportunity in the second innings. Both these matches were, however, played on wickets prejudicially influenced by wet, and, therefore, much interest was evinced in the engagement with New South Wales, for at Sydney the weather was fine and the wicket in splendid condition. Barnes, the fast bowler, was a comparative failure, but Braund, the Somerset slow bowler, took six wickets in each innings. MacLaren played two fine innings (145 and 75), and Lilley, Tyldesley, and Hayward lent valuable assistance. The match was, however, lost by 53 runs, the task set being the severe one of 379 runs for the fourth innings, the second essay of the Colonials having produced 422, of which L. Poidevin made 151. The result was a disappointment, as the hopes of the English team seemed to depend on the strength of their batting. In the portrait-group given here of the Englishmen, G. L. Jessop is not shown. He did not join the ship until it reached Marseilles.



Mr. H. G. Garnett. Mr. C. McGahey. Mr. A. C. MacLaren. Mr. C. Robson. Mr. A. O. Jones.
W. G. Quaife J. T. Tyldesley.

MR. MACLAREN'S CRICKET TEAM NOW PLAYING IN AUSTRALIA.

Photo by Cassell and Co., Limited.

Mr. Clifton Bingham writes: "Thank you for your most kind notice of my work and myself. But I would wish to point out that it is not I who have given a lecture on song-writing, but my friend and brother-lyrist, Mr. Fred Weatherly. In justice to him I think this statement should be corrected."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

I HEAR that women are flocking to see the models of Coronation-robcs for Peeresses and others at Kate Reily's, in Dover Street, that well-known modiste having received, in common with other dress-makers of the first flight, the official directions as to measurements for trains and other important minutiae of the moment. Those who are visiting Dover Street will also have the opportunity of seeing many exquisite models in fur-trimmed velvet frocks which play so becoming if expensive a part in this season's outfit, as well as an array of afternoon- and ball-gowns which should reduce to abject envy the soul of anyone who may be unable to afford herself one of them, at least. In the creation of magnificent evening-cloaks, Kate Reily, too, quite excels, some of her effects in this direction being altogether stupendous, to employ a word not often pressed into the service of millinery. Nor of smart hats is there any lack, while the collection of rich furs—sable,

are both admirable examples of antique styles exactly copied from originals in the British Museum.

Side by side with these unique examples of the silversmith's craft, I found the other branches of this famous firm's large business replete with artistic designs carried out in the most workmanlike and pleasing forms.

In their department for the world-renowned "Prince's Plate," which is reputed to be indistinguishable from silver and to wear for a lifetime, I found the fruit-and-flower stand here sketched; it is admirable in form and chased in relief in the most effective fashion. The small table-lamp, too, also of "Prince's Plate," without being quite so elaborately finished, is in itself a charming and most useful present, whilst possessing the advantage of being inexpensive enough to be within the reach of those of slender means. I also fell in love with an



YULETIDE NOVELTIES AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

mink, chinchilla, fox—wrought into capes and muffs and tippets, with lavish embellishments of rare lace and embroideries, defies description as absolutely as their manifold attractiveness invites purchase.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The postman brought me, one morning this week, the daintiest possible booklet from Messrs. Mappin and Webb, the well-known Royal Silversmiths, illustrating an almost countless variety of the beautiful productions for which they are famous. Armed with this, I paid a visit to their show-rooms in Oxford Street, which I found had recently undergone considerable alteration and improvement.

The vast expanse of dazzling jewellery and silver-ware which they now exhibit can surely not be equalled in any European city; the interior is even more impressive, and is a veritable fairyland of beautiful objects, a few of which I have selected for reproduction, and these, I think, cannot fail to be of service to those of my readers who still have the arduous duty of selecting Christmas gifts before them.

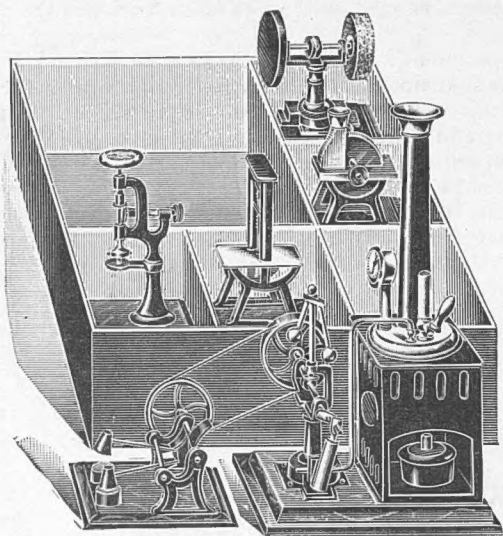
The mirror of chased sterling silver is a charming reproduction of the ever-graceful Louis Quinze period, and would certainly gratify even the most exacting connoisseur, whilst the porringer and cigar-lighter

elaborate combination for the mere man, surely complete enough to satisfy the most *exigent*, in the form of a tray bearing plainly shaped boxes for cigars and cigarettes, a tobacco-jar and pipe-rack in one, cigar-cutter, cigar-lighter, match-box, and ash-trays—a veritable compendium for smokers, and made either in "Prince's Plate" or sterling silver.

Impossible is it to convey any real impression of the wealth of beautiful articles with which Messrs. Mappin and Webb's establishments are overflowing, and I can only urge all lovers of the beautiful to visit either of the London addresses of this famous firm, at 158, Oxford Street, W., or 2, Queen Victoria Street, facing the Mansion House.

That children of the present generation have an uncommonly good time in comparison with their immediate predecessors, no one who can command even twenty years of panoramic memory can dispute. There was a time—and a very good time we thought it too—when Noah's Ark of imperishable memory, a muslin-gowned wax-doll or so, and the shilling fairy-tale book of startling wood-cuts and shiny cover, made up the sum of nursery joys, flanked, of course, by the hard-worked rocking-horse and well-whacked drum of the baby bandsman. But these primitive raptures have almost become primeval in view of later and latest developments. To enter Parkins and Gotto's shop at

Christmas-time is to realise that these specialists in juvenile entertainment—who may, in fact, be regarded as the representative exploiters of Toyland in London—preside over a very different epoch from that which their and our immediate predecessors knew or imagined. The catalogue of Christmastide fascinations which Parkins and Gotto have issued this year is a whole epilogue of wondrous development, from the perfectly fitted steam-engine, with its water-gauge, “governors,” whistle, &c., as appealing to the boy of scientific and technical tastes,



THE “WATT” EDUCATIONAL SET AT PARKINS AND GOTTO’S.

even unto the Dutch doll or leaden infantry-soldier of immortal fascination to every succeeding generation. As the present race of Lilliputians, being a product of its times, is more inclined to practical amusements than imaginary, Parkins and Gotto have prepared liberally for its diversions, and all sorts of ingenious mechanical inventions meet the embryo scientist on all sides—miniature engines, model factories. The “Watt” educational set illustrated here is in itself a practical demonstration of engineering ethics. Then there are Kindergarten pastimes for smaller people, models of villages and forts and mills which it should delight the children to build, and an object-lesson in the making of Swiss toys, with all tools and woodwork complete, which should greatly delight the unsophisticated young wood-carver or turner.

But it becomes impossible to enumerate one-twentieth of the novelties and attractions which a visit to Parkins and Gotto’s show-rooms open up to view. One can only advise those who can to look in at 54, Oxford Street, when on present-giving bent, and those who cannot to send for the very excellent catalogue which is posted free to all who apply for it—purchases to the value of one pound are franked, it may be added, to any station in England.

Lastly, we come to the topic of jewels—as being the most important in relation to Christmas presents—and in the matter of originality, not to add other qualifications, Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, must be given a large meed of praise. They had adopted l’Art Nouveau, and glorified it into most exquisite expression, when many others had only begun to ask themselves what this new revolution in *bijouterie* of all kinds meant. A glance at the veritable works of art at 220, Regent Street, will be more convincing than a sermon on the subject.

But, as merely introductory to the object-lesson there awaiting one, a few words may be admitted to explain that this new Art Jewellery is as far removed from ordinary wares of the ordinary shop-window as a Vandyck might be from an oleograph. There is no mechanical effect in such gem-setting; each object is designed by a master and wrought by an artist, even to the gold muff-chains, which carry their jewels with a special *cachet*. A gold waist-clasp, with stephanotis flowers in high relief and set with diamonds and cabochon sapphires, is very attractive. The price is forty guineas, and to possess the clasp would be to own a masterpiece. Then there is a novelty in the shape of a ring, the large central diamond surrounded with a row of tiny emeralds set quite close together with the smoothness of enamel. A pendant in trefoil shape, each diamond outlined in little rubies in the same manner, has a platinum neck-chain set with diamonds. The price of this graceful jewel is one hundred and ninety-five pounds, which is cheap, the diamonds being large and of the finest water. Another dainty bauble is the necklet of jointed diamond snakes holding a splendid pendent pearl in the centre, and a third desirable trinket is the ruby-and-diamond pendant in the l’Art Nouveau manner, which, with aluminium chain complete, is only forty pounds. A distinct novelty in the new waistcoat-buttons I noticed here, the buttons being of smoked pearl with opal centres. This set was only five and a-half guineas. A beautiful diamond brooch, with large pink, white, and golden pearls, was only a hundred pounds. Many of the artistic enamel and gold brooches are things of beauty which must be seen to be fitly appreciated, as specimen carving in fine gold is an art entirely new and apart from anything that has been attempted before, and Mappin Brothers excel in its development.

SYBIL.

A SIGNAL HONOUR TO MISS CORELLI.

Miss Corelli was honoured in a very special way while in the Northern Capital the other week. One of the largest audiences that ever assembled in the Music Hall enthusiastically greeted her appearance and listened with eager attention to her lecture, delivered under the auspices of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on “The Vanishing Gift.” This was in itself a distinguished honour, and had its complement in the gift of a massive silver bowl, with suitable inscription, presented to Miss Corelli by a deputation from the Philosophical Institution. The novelist’s name is thus linked with Dickens, who alone among the many distinguished men who have addressed the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical was honoured in a similar fashion.

Like the majority of visitors to the Scottish capital, Miss Corelli has been struck by the picturesque appearance of the unfinished National Monument on Calton Hill, which it was proposed some months ago to complete as a Scottish memorial of Queen Victoria. It is interesting to know that, while nothing is now heard of this proposal, there was no architectural feature of Edinburgh that impressed King Edward, while resident as a student at Holyrood, so much as the classic group of pillars on the Calton Hill, dominating the city from every point of view. In connection with the apparently forgotten proposal to complete the structure, it is also curious that Lord Rosebery’s suggestion for the restoration of Linlithgow Palace, as a befitting memorial of the late Queen, is also in abeyance.

Sir Redvers Buller left his country seat in Devonshire a few days ago on a visit to his cousin, Mr. Howard, of Greystoke Castle.



[Copyright.]

BLUE CLOTH AND WHITE CARACUL.

Penrith, Cumberland. Owing to a long-standing engagement to attend the dinner of Devonians in London on Saturday, Sir Redvers was compelled to return to town at the end of the week.

the apparently serious attempt which is to be made for the construction of a new, electrically equipped line between London-by-the-Strand and London-by-the-Sea. The publication of notice to be given to Parliament for the new-comer was the signal for a drop in Berthas which gave the followers of our tip a very handsome profit, Dover "A" dwindling in sympathy. There is, however, considerable uncertainty as to whether the proposed line will ever be permitted to start competition with the London, Brighton, and South Coast. In Brighton itself the scheme is treated as a whimsical fantasy. What is certain, however, is that London will soon be encompassed by a fresh circle of tubes, preparations for which are to be pressed forward as soon as the requisite Parliamentary powers are obtained. It is hoped that Private Bill legislation will be more successful in the coming Session than it was in the last.

Central London stocks, as was pointed out not long since, have apparently reached the acme of their advance for the present, and are not likely to go better before the New Year and the dividend announcement. A comprehensive proposal for twisting the Central London into a circle is to be laid before Parliament, and we shall probably hear about a new capital issue next spring. The Company possesses a wonderful feeder in the London United Tramways, whose system seems certain to go on increasing by leaps and bounds. No such feeder flows into the City and South London Stations, but the extension of the line to the "Angel" has carried the stock over 60, and, after seeing it stand at 48, the proprietors are, no doubt, grateful for so small a mercy as this. Great Northern and City Preferred shares, mentioned several times as a fair speculative lock-up, continue at 8½, but business is gradually widening in them, and that is something fresh, after months of utter inanimation. Even Baker Street and Waterloo shares are nominally quoted now: at £6 discount, it is true, but they are regarded with some favour by those who patronise forlorn hopes. Mr. Bell's resignation from the Chairmanship of the Metropolitan Railway is significant in view of the changing nature of the Company's traction. Both Metropolitan and Metropolitan District stocks are quite neglected, and the market has shrunk to very narrow proportions.

WEST AFRICANS.

While business in West Africans has been reduced to the mere shadow of its former self, there is plenty of interest taken in the market by the public and the Stock Exchange alike. And it is highly amusing to notice how the financial critics are all asserting their claims to be regarded as the one warning voice that cried in the wilderness when the Jungle fever was at its height some months ago. That fever, it is pretty safe to say, will not recur for some long time to come now that Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement has thrown deep shades of doubt over the evil and the good, over the just and the unjust. Men deeply interested in the Gold Coast and possessing a firm belief in its potentialities have come to us this week with wrung hands, declaring that, however indisputable the titles may be of the properties in which they are interested, the public cannot be expected to ever look upon West Africans with the speculative investor's eye. This, in our view, is taking too strong a line of pessimism. The Colonial Secretary, by the loose wording of a useful dictum, has certainly done the market harm, but his words have come too late to affect quotations at all seriously. The concessions that are not worth the paper they are written on are, many of them, placed. Only the concession-sellers, and, perhaps, a few insiders, know the facts of the case. Other people would not have gone in for the shares had they known there was anything wrong with the title, and they know now no more than they did before Mr. Chamberlain wrote. As regards the flotation of new West Africans, the concession-holders now in London have given up their trade and hopes of promotion long since, for there is hardly a financier in the City who would look at the average Jungle prospectus during the past three months.

In these columns the West African Market from its very inception has been treated as a wild gamble, and it was only last week that we frankly confessed our doubts as to its honesty; but, of course, an active market will always attract attention, and there are many of the public sadly rueing the day when they turned their faces towards the Jungle. With patience and long-suffering, it is quite possible that some shareholders may see, at any rate, part of their money back in the future.

Saturday, Nov. 30, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

GAMMA.—A great deal of what you say about the new issue is very true, but a valuation would cost a large sum if properly made. The investment is a fair second-class one; we should prefer many things for our own money—say, Imperial Continental Gas stock or National Telephone 4 per cent. Debentures, for instance.

BRUMS.—You have misunderstood our remarks. We will return to the subject next week.

V. A. D.—The Rhodesian concern is reputed among the best, and we should not sell at the present moment. As to Rhodesia and all its works, we are not and never have been enthusiastic, to use a mild word.

P. A. M.—The Ordinary stock is pure rubbish and will never see another dividend. As you can get only a trifle for it, you might wait for the report of Committee, which is expected in a few weeks. You can't lose much more by holding.

M. L. S.—We have handed your letter and the enclosure to the Publishing Department.

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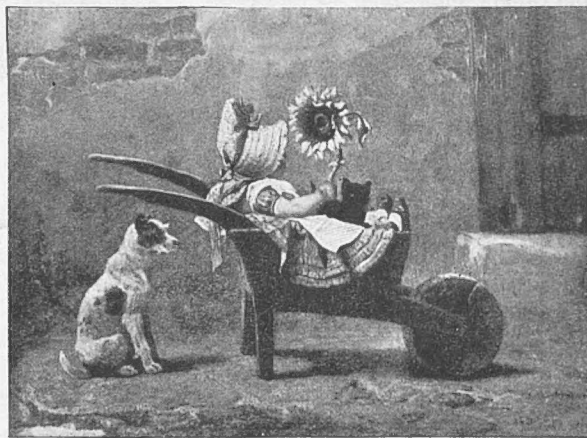
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